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"WEAR OUT."

"Wear out!" but never let the rust
Of idleness corrode the trust
Your Maker gave; your part to play
In the great drama of "To-day"
Is to deal justly; aid the weak;
Ever for right and freedom speak;
Keep burning clear Truth's beacon light,
That its soft radiance through the night
Be to the lost on life's bleak moor,
Like Bethlehem's star that shone of yore
Guiding the shepherds on their way
To where the child Redeemer lay.

"Wear out!" 'tis nobler far to bear
On breast and brow the marks of care;
Scars of life's conflict bravely fought,
Patents of peerage fairly bought;
Titles to claim in the fair clime
Of those who worship Truth sublime;
E'en if your feet have never trod
The narrow path that leads to God,
Avoid as death the scorner's seat,
Nor let his sandals press your feet;
With contrite heart and tearful eye
Stand still while the elect pass by.

"Wear out!" though stern your features grow,
Though raven locks be turned to snow,
On to the front nor laggard be.
With steady blows comes victory.
Shame on the weak, the nerveless hand,
That cannot grasp Truth's shining brand;
That shrinks when from fair freedom's tower
The tocsin sounds the trial hour;
That fails when justice calls to go
With battle axe and bended bow,
And prove, upon his native sod,
His fealty to man and God.

ON DANGEROUS GROUND:

—OR—

AGATHA'S FRIENDSHIP

A Romance of American Society.

BY MRS. BLOOMFIELD MOORE.

"It is from the great book of Nature, the same through a thousand editions, whether of black-letter or wire-wove and hot-pressed, that I have venturously essayed to read a chapter to the public."

CHAPTER VIII.

AGATHA SYMPATHISES WITH CARROLL TRACEY.

Certain souls have a magnetic influence over others.—*W. W. Potten D. D.*

The virtuous man is to be in whom the will of the spiritual being is stronger than the will of the material being.—*L. Anne Martin.*

The day following that of Mrs. Rivers's dinner, Agatha and Mr. Tracey were occupied with their translations in the library, when Mrs. Tracey looked in and said:

"You are the most uncompanionable people I was ever shut up with in the dreary month of November. Do leave that horrid translation, and come and take a walk. Carroll, make Agatha come; it is a sin and a shame to allow her to tire herself out in your service every day, as she is doing."

A troubled expression came over Mr. Tracey's face, as he answered: "You are quite right, Mildred. I daresay Miss Lee does over fatigue herself; but it never occurred to me before, or I would not have been so selfish as to permit her to assist me so much."

"I am not in the least fatigued," protested Agatha, looking up into Mr. Tracey's face, and meeting the compassionate eyes that were fastened upon her. For a moment she seemed embarrassed by the lurking tenderness in the look that she encountered, and a soft, warm color flew to her face, settling in crimson spots on either cheek, as, turning to Mrs. Tracey, she added:

"I think myself, Millie, that you are abominably treated, but this translation is absorbing, and just now I am so interested in this chapter that I am finishing. Won't you sit down here with your book, and the instant that I reach the end I will go out for a walk; and you will go with us, Mr. Tracey, will you not?"

"I will go now, if you say so," he replied.

"Will you? Then, you go with Millie, and I will follow you in a half hour or so," she said eagerly.

He shook his head. "I am not so selfish as to leave you alone to finish my work."

At this moment Paul Howard appeared on the piazza, and crossing the length of it, entered the hall at the open door. As he approached, Mrs. Tracey exclaimed:

"How fortunate! I was just wishing for a *preux chevalier*, for these German-mad enthusiasts are so wrapped up in their translations that I could not prevail upon either of them to go down to the cliff with me." She glanced back over her shoulder at Agatha and her husband, as she left the room, saying, "I am heartily glad to be so independent of both of you. Mr. Howard will take charge of me, and prevent me from throwing myself into the sea in a fit of desperation, or despair, or some dreadful emotions brought on by your apathetic indifference to me."

How handsome she looked! her laughing blue eyes fringed with long, dark lashes, roses upon her cheek, and her lips parted just enough to disclose her dazzling teeth.

Agatha kissed her hand to her, as she passed the library window leaning on Paul Howard's arm.

"How beautiful Millie is! I think she grows lovelier every day," said Agatha, arranging her papers to continue her writing. Receiving no reply, she looked in Mr Tracey's face, only to encounter the same serious gaze which had embarrassed her a few moments before. As their eyes met, by some irresistible impulse he reached forward and took one of her hands between both of his own; so reverentially, as well as tenderly, that she made no effort to withdraw it.

"Can you pardon me, Miss Lee, for having so thoughtlessly allowed you to weary yourself day after day over this work?"

"I assure you that it has not wearied me. It has been the greatest pleasure to me; indeed it has!" answered Agatha, trying to retain her usual serenity, but finding it difficult with her heart fluttering, and her little hands trembling, like birds when first imprisoned.

Mr. Tracey, who was entirely self-possessed, continued gravely, "It has been such a happiness to me, that I have never even thought of the injury it might be to you to sit so much over your writing,—you, who are entirely unused to confinement." He lifted her hand to his lips before releasing it, and kissing it, added: "I must be less selfish in future." Then he resumed his writing.

There was a new strange light in Agatha's eyes as she bent over her papers. For the first time in her life the touch of another had sent the blood pulsating through her veins in magnetic waves. In vain she endeavored to fasten her mind upon her translation, but after several ineffectual attempts she said laughingly:

"Mildred has so broken in upon my abstraction as to make it impossible for me to concentrate my thoughts upon my work as before. I am not fit to write any more to-day, I see; and I will run up and get my shawl and follow her."

She had already started from her chair when Mr. Tracey detained her by saying: "No, don't go. We can afford a holiday. If you will stay, I will lay aside my writing and finish telling you that little history, or romance, or whatever you choose to call it, that I commenced the other day."

"Which is it really—a true history or a romance?" asked Agatha. "It cannot be both. It must be one or the other. I rather think it is a real experience, which one of your friends has confided to you and some day you will found a romance upon it, and become a novel writer, as well as a translator and contributor to the serials."

"God forbid I should ever publish such an experience! No, there is far too much reality in it. All that I told you has happened; and you must never forget that you alone have been entrusted with a history which I could not have disclosed to you even, had I not concealed the actors in it by substituting assumed names."

"You may trust me without any fear."

"And I wish you would trust me in return, and allow me to be the friend that I feel myself capable of being to you; or do you not believe in friendships between men and women?"

"Not believe in them! My faith in immorality is not stronger. I believe most religiously in such friendships, and more than that, it has been the desire of my life to have such a friend. Certainly, I will trust you, Mr. Tracey, and I shall be proud of your friendship."

Agatha was in no way embarrassed now. She felt that the same attraction which he had exerted over her was in like manner felt by him; and with perfect frankness she continued, after the short pause which he did not break: "You do not know how happy it makes me, Mr. Tracey, to have found such a friend at last, and one too whom I need never fear will turn into a lover. I wanted you to like me because Mildred and I are such friends, and because I liked you the first moment that I saw you. Do you know, I think we are extremely alike in all our tastes and ways? I have noticed it constantly."

"And so have I," said Mr. Tracey. "If we need any other evidence of the affinity that exists between us than our own consciousness of it, we have a very conclusive proof in the exactness of the two translations of the same passage that we made the other day; have we not?"

"Yes, that was singular. We really have an affinity for each other; and I am going to tell Mildred as soon as she comes home."

"She would only laugh at us; and when a true affinity exists, it is too sacred a thing to be trifled with. Do you know how rare, how very rare it is to meet with it in this life? In the whole circle of my acquaintance I do not know one married couple that I think is so united."

Agatha opened wide her eyes. "Why, that is a dreadful thing for to say," she said. "And if so many are mismatched in this world, I wonder if they will have to keep so in the next."

Mr. Tracey, looking her full in the eyes, answered: "There, there will be neither marrying nor giving in marriage, for we shall be like the angels of God."

"That passage never seemed to me so beautiful before," said Agatha. "For we shall be like the angels of God," she repeated.

"There are some women who are very like them here, but no men, unless indeed we take the fallen angels into consideration," said Mr. Tracey.

There was a pause in the conversation. Agatha tracing meaningless characters on a scrap of paper with her pen, and Mr. Tracey's eyes following each movement of her beautifully formed white hand. His face showed no emotion, but Agatha's was radiant with her calm, new happiness.

Presently he said, "I am glad we understand each other so soon, and that you have promised me that faith which is essential to such a friendship as ours must be. Affinity we will not call it, as that word has been so often misused and wrongly interpreted. Do you remember the Earl of Orrery's lines?—

Friendship of all ties most binds the heart,
And faith in friendship is the nobler part.

You will think I am asking a great deal of you this morning when I tell you I have another request to make of you, Miss Lee."

Agatha answered without the slightest hesitation, "I am more than sure there is nothing in this world you could ask me, that I should or could refuse you, Mr. Tracey."

How full were Agatha's eyes of the tender trust she had given; how ennobled was the expression of her attractive face! In that moment she looked in very truth the saint they had jestingly called her; for the countenance of no real or pictured saint had ever been suffused with a holier light.

Mr. Tracey closed his eyes and leaned his head upon his hand for a moment, as if dazzled by its glory; but before Agatha had time to wonder at his silence, after her earnest assurance that his request would not be denied, he said:

"I wish permission to call you by your first name, for it requires constant effort with me not to do so; and as my wife always calls you Agatha, will you not give me the same privilege, although I have known you well for such a short time?"

"Though it is but a short time, you do not seem like a new acquaintance, but like a very, very old friend. I was telling Mildred so only this morning. I hope in future you will never call me anything but Agatha."

"If I entertained the chimera of a pre-existence, I should say we have known each other in another state of being; for I have the feeling that we are not such new friends as we appear to be. I once had a very vivid dream—many years ago—which made such an impression upon me that to this day the odor of some flowers, snatches of melodies, and certain scenes in nature bring it before me as distinctly as when I dreamed it. The first hour that I saw you, your face had the same effect upon me—your face and your voice; and now I feel quite sure he you were the he oin: of that dream."

"I ray tell it to me, I should like so much to be a heroine, even in a dream."

"I cannot now. Should the time ever come when I can, it would give me more pleasure to tell you than it possibly could give you to hear it; so you must not think that I am merely trying to arouse your curiosity."

Agatha was still drawing, and finding her sheet covered with the characters she had been tracing, turned it over, and found written on the blank side:

Lift our eyes to Heaven! Love greets us thence
Disrobed of all its earthly impotence;
Even human love—below still doomed to be
Stronger than death, feebler than infancy.

She read it twice, Mr. Tracey regarding her steadily as she did so.

"How beautiful and how true!" said Agatha. "Is this a fragment from one of your poems, Mr. Tracey?"

"No, I have read it somewhere, and it so haunted my memory that I wrote it down in a fit of abstraction, after coming home from the dinner last evening."

"What a stupid dinner it was! Colonel Potten is no favorite of mine, and Count Fusco, as we call Mr. Jenkins, always bores me with his gossip; I wonder that man is so popular; he is invited everywhere solely because he keeps himself posted concerning all that is going on, catering to that universal taste for scandal which distinguishes the especial set where he prides himself upon belonging. Now, you were charmingly placed, Mr. Tracey, and without doubt found the dinner party a very agreeable one, for everything depends upon how one is seated."

A quizzical glance escaped Mr. Tracey as he answered: "If I had had the arranging of the seat, I would not have been placed where I was. Mrs. Rivers, although the embodiment of American cleverness, is not as easy to interest or to lead into conversation as some women whom I have met; but certainly, if there was any want of intellect upon one side of me, it was more than balanced by a superabundance on the other; for Miss Lennox is really a clever woman in the English sense of the word."

"How did you like Mrs. Mordaunt—the pretty widow for whom the dinner was given?"

"I had no opportunity of forming any opinion of her, as I had scarcely had myself presented before Mr. Rivers joined us, and took me away to show me some rare old books in his possession."

"Have you not noticed what pleasure some hosts and hostesses take in breaking in upon the *tete-a-tete* of their guests, bringing up some third party to introduce, or dragging one away to be introduced just as he has begun thoroughly to enjoy himself; or, what is still worse, if they chance to be stupid, intruding themselves upon you at like inopportune times?"

"Of course I have. Very few people understand the art of entertaining; yet still I must confess to having a great deal of sympathy for the host and hostess, for the reason that still fewer persons thoroughly understand their duty as guests. It really never seems to enter the heads of many that they have anything to do but to amuse themselves."

"Which is all that should devolve upon a guest, I think; for necessarily, in amusing one's self, one must contribute to the amusement of others. But what has led us so far away from our usual subjects of discourse? Are you not going to finish that romance that I was so interested in? I should like so much to hear the end."

"It has never had an end, Agatha. God only knows what the end will be." He spoke slowly and sadly, she still tracing characters with her pen, but when he called her "Agatha," she looked up and their eyes met. The radiant glance died out of her own as she encountered the despairing eyes of the man beside her,—despairing and agonised, as if life held no hope for him—no way of escape from the iron that had entered his soul. It was no physical anguish that had kindled that indescribable, lurid light. Only mental anguish has power to reveal such depths of suffering as Agatha saw in his hopeless eyes. Her strongly sympathetic nature was so worked upon by this sudden revealing of hidden agony, that, with a heart full of pity, she took his hand and carrying it to her lips pressed them compassionately against it; then frightened as herself, fled from the room.

CHAPTER IX.

CARROLL TRACEY FINDS HIS WIFE IN PAUL HOWARD'S ARMS.

My life thou shalt command, but not my shame;
The one my duty owes; but my fair name,
To dark dishonor's use thou shalt not have.
Richard II.

When Mrs. Tracey returned from her walk with Paul Howard she was surprised to find her husband making preparations to leave for New York by the night boat, proposing to her to follow at her leisure. However important the business which had so suddenly summoned him, she seemed to think it might be postponed until the arrival of Agatha's father and aunt, who were daily expected, and accordingly she exerted herself to persuade him to remain. It was of no avail, and before tea was announced his trunk was packed and brought down to the hall. At the last moment there was a little delay in the coming round of the carriage. As they stood around the library table, no longer littered with papers, but arranged as of old with its accustomed books and writing materials, Mr. Tracey said:

"I want to thank you, Agatha, for all that you have done for me—more than you know. I am afraid that it will never be in my power to return your kindness."

"I assure you, Mr. Tracey, that the pleasure of the work repaid me. I have enjoyed every moment spent over our translations as I have never enjoyed anything in life before. It is I who am indebted to you, for you have revealed to me my vocation. I shall end in becoming an authoress, I expect."

"God forbid!" he said earnestly.

They heard the carriage approaching. Mr. Tracey made a hurried adieu, and the horse dashed away over the gravelled drive as if conscious that he had to atone for the groom's slackness.

Agatha felt a strange tightening at her heart as she went back to her chair by the library table. Mrs. Tracey looked blue, and felt so; for there was something in her husband's manner that impressed her with a sense of coming evil.

"Really, I do not see why Carroll should have hurried off in this mysterious way. There is something more than we know at the bottom of it," remarked Mrs. Tracey.

"I feel sure that he must have some good reason for going, as well as for not telling us why he goes," Agatha replied.

"His eyes had a troubled, anxious expression: did you not notice how unusually grave he looked?"

"I think Mr. Tracey always looks grave; but I confess that I did fancy a pained look upon his face, as though he were in doubt or suspense about something; yet I daresay it was all in our imagination."

Mrs. Tracey shaded her eyes with her hand, looking downwards, and Agatha, with her head thrown back, looked up at the ceiling. Neither was inclined for conversation. At length Mrs. Tracey broke the silence.

"Agatha," she said, "I often wish I were dead."

"How can you be so wicked—you, who have so much to live for?"

A bitter smile passed over Mrs. Tracey's face.

"I, who have so much to live for!" she repeats, enunciating each word separately.

"Yes, there are few men whom I have ever met who are so fitted to make home charming as your husband is. I cannot conceive why you, of all women, should wish to die."

"Then I will tell you why. Because I am tired of living for duty with nothing to inspire me with strength to bear my cross; because I am tired of gathering thistles only, when I might have roses as well; because I long for love, as every woman must who has tasted of the tree of life, but never more than tasted."

Mrs. Tracey spoke with vehemence, and Agatha looked on with amazement, as she continued:

"Anything would be better than the life I lead; death a thousand times better. My husband gives me no confidence, and asks for none. He goes his way, and leaves me to go mine. Is this your idea of happiness in married life? I might as well be chained to a marble statue." Again she covered her face with her hands, and tears trickled through her fingers.

Agatha arose and stood over her, bending to kiss her upon her forehead.

"You are excited about your husband leaving you so suddenly—unnecessarily excited. You exaggerate the situation. To-morrow you will look at everything in a calmer way, and you will then regret what you have now said."

Mrs. Tracey made a gesture of impatience, as if she despaired of making Agatha understand her, and wearily clasping her hands, said:

"Yes, I always regret it whenever any complaint passes my lips. I know that I have no right to complain. You are right; I shall be calmer to-morrow, and everything will appear in a different light. What business have I with a heart? It ought to have withered into ashes long ago."

"Why, Mildred, how wildly you talk to-night! Don't be so foolish about your husband. He will explain everything that now seems strange when he returns. There is the door-bell! I will say we are engaged;" and Agatha opened the door leading into the hall to give the order to the servant in passing.

"If it is Paul Howard, I have promised to see him," said Mrs. Tracey, walking to the glass, and drying the tears with her gossamer handkerchief.

It was he, and Mrs. Tracey joined him in the drawing-room, Agatha asking to be excused. She walked to the window and looked out. There was not a star visible, for the sky was completely overcast with clouds, and the darkness of the night was intense. Her thoughts dwelt but a few moments upon the singularity of Mildred's words; for they naturally brought to her mind how, but a few short weeks before, she had thought life not so very desirable herself. Now the halo of her new friendship made it seem so lovely, so beautiful. Thinking of her own happiness, her mind soon wandered away from Mildred's rashly uttered and apparently unreasonable complaints. That afternoon, when she had so impulsively kissed Mr. Tracey's hand, she had flown from the room, and going to her chamber had, weeping tears of humiliation, fallen on her knees and prayed that she might not loose the respect and affection that had become so dear to her, by an act which seemed unmaidenly when the emotion which had called it forth had subsided. It agonised her to think how her intensely sympathetic nature might have been misunderstood. But now she knew that she had given herself unnecessary anxiety, for when Mr. Tracey had sought her, letter in hand, to inform her that he had received a summons which made his departure that very night necessary, she had stammered out, some words of explanation, and he, with the most respectful tenderness in his tones, had replied:

"Do not pain me by such suspicions as your words imply; do not even finish what you are about to say. I know all that is in your heart now, as I have long known all its generosity and its purity. Where a friendship like ours exists, there must also exist unbounded trust. Let us trust each other implicitly. I could not misunderstand you; and I pray God that I may never give you occasion to distrust me."

His serious eyes were looking straight into her own, as he said these words; and Agatha felt as though lifted to the misty peaks, which in her vision had seemed to touch the stars, as she recognised the same serene eyes that had beamed upon her then. From that moment her heart was at rest. She knew neither doubts nor fears. The friendship, which she had longed for and prayed for, had come to her at last.

She turned from the window, and seated herself by the library table in the chair which Carroll Tracey had always occupied when writing. Leaning back in it, she fell into a reverie. Her eyes were closed, her red lips struck apart, as her heaving breath swayed to and fro the soft, undulating folds of her dress. The wind, rising without, filled the air with its weird whisperings, soothing her to repose; the black darkness of the night seemed to have steeped her very brain; and in fancy there glowed through it in letters of flame the words, "There, there will be neither marrying nor giving in marriage; for we shall be like the angels of God." From this dreamy mood she soon fell into a soft and dreamless slumber.

Meantime Carroll Tracey had arrived at the dock just in time to see the boat move off, leaving a chasm which he had but to clear to reach it. Once he would not have hesitated to make the venture; but his life had suddenly grown dear to him, enriched as it was by his new friendship. Making his way back to the point where he had left the carriage, he found it gone; and wrapping his overcoat more closely around him he prepared to breast the cold wind in the long walk that lay between him and Mr. Lee's villa. It was quite late when he at last arrived; but lights were still burning in many of the windows. He crossed the lawn, and looked in the library window; he saw Agatha sleeping in his chair, a flood of light from the chandelier pouring down upon her face, which seemed to him, with its happy, tranquil expression, as if a halo surrounded it, vivid as those that Fra Angelico has left around the heads of his painted saints. Did he also discern there, the one red flame, that shoots from the foreheads of each of those martyrs, that he started back so soon, closing one hand over his eyes as if to shut out the vision? Recovering himself, he walked to a window of the drawing-room. From between the parted curtains, a stream of light fell full upon him, as white and motionless, he looked in with eager gaze. It was but for an instant; and then he opened the sash and stood face to face with his wife, his face blazing with passion, just as Paul Howard closed the door after him that led out on the piazza from the other end of the room.

For one long moment they looked steadily at each other, and then Mildred dropped back in her chair, and covering her face with both hands, wept.

Carroll Tracey waited until the storm of passion that had agitated him upon his entrance was past, and then asked with forced calmness:

"What does this mean?"

Mildred's sobs alone broke the silence, and again he asked:

"What is the meaning of this scene that I have witnessed?" Still there was no answer, but thicker came the sobs, and stung by his recollections, he broke out with the accusations that were in his thoughts.

"I cannot bear this. It is too much," cried Mildred. "You are unjust. I will tell you all that there is to tell; but no, you would not believe me if I told you the truth. Think what you choose. I will not humiliate myself by an explanation which I know you will refuse to credit."

"You cannot humiliate yourself more in my sight than you already have done. I demand the explanation of you, if there is any, of such an unaccountable scene." His face was so stern, his tones so determined, that Mildred dared not refuse to answer any longer. Still covering her eyes she said:

"He arose to go; I arose also. Before I knew what he was doing he caught me around my waist with one arm, and with his other hand held my head back, kissing me over and over on my lips. I could not help it," she cried, weeping even more bitterly than before. Mr. Tracey turned and paced the room, his eyes cast down, his brows knit and lowering.

He had been upon the eve of replying, "You know, and I know, that Paul Howard, unprincipled though he be, would never have dared to take such a liberty had you not given some encouragement;" but he had checked himself, remembering how strong a temptation had once come over him to hold to his heart for one moment some one whom that heart held dear, yet from whom he had received no encouragement. He knew not what to say, he knew not what to think even. In the first days of his married life his wife had forfeited his confidence; and yet, so just and so generous a man had he been, that he had preferred to be wronged himself, rather than to wrong her, after the explanation that she had then given of her seeming want of loyalty.

To and fro he continued to pace the room. Perhaps half an hour or more passed before he again addressed her. Then he approached her, but she shuddered and drew away.

"You called me Messalina," she said.

"I did not know what I was saying, Mildred. When a man sees his wife in the arms of a libertine, and fancies she is returning his hot kisses, he does not stop to weigh his words. Blackguard! I wish duelling was permitted."

Mrs. Tracey leaned forward, uncovering her tear-stained face.

"Carroll," she said, "promise me you will not touch him!"

"I make no promises. I would shoot him if I could; as I cannot. I will horsewhip him."

"You are talking again without weighing your words," she answered, with gentle dignity. "I care very little what befalls him, but I do care about my reputation, for your sake quite as much as for my own. I have never been talked about, and I beg you not to expose me to scandals that would surely be circulated if you were to have any words with Paul Howard. He would like nothing better than to have you so couple his name with mine."

"If you knew him to be such a character, why have you allowed him to see so much of you?"

"I do not know why I have," she answered, again weeping. "I suppose because I was alone so much. You and Agatha were always occupied with your translations, and I sang with him, and walked with him, not thinking much about him in any way, excepting that he was an agreeable companion."

Mr. Tracey drew a chair near his wife, and there was a certain degree of tenderness in his looks and tones—a pitying tenderness, as he said:

"I wish to take upon myself the blame of having exposed you to such a scene, while you still hold my honor in keeping; and also to confess that I have been guilty of moral cowardice in not having sooner offered to release you from all ties to me. A man shrinks from having his married life canvassed by the world, and this it is which has made me unjust to you. I see how wrong I have been, and I am thankful that it is not too late to atone for the error. You are at liberty to apply for a divorce from me on whatever ground you like; I will bear the odium, and you shall be free to marry again. Only for your own sake I warn you not to marry that man whom I saw holding you in his arms to night. You are young, your beauty has not yet passed its prime; all I ask of you is to make a wiser choice than that man would be, whose love change as the moon changes. I want your life to be happier than I have been able to make it; for, Mildred, you put it out of my power to be to you the husband that I would have been, had I not

discovered your love for another, and with it such revelations as no love could bear and remain unchanged. I have tried to atone to you as far as I could for the loss of that degree of love which is necessary to insure the complete happiness of married life, but my own life has shown me that nothing can make up for that loss, and that the marriage tie is but mockery where no marriage of heart and soul exists."

Mildred, weeping silently, with her handkerchief pressed to her eyes, made no answer.

Mr. Tracey continued, "Let us always think as kindly of each other as we can. I know how hard and cold I have seemed; I could not be otherwise. I have been hard and cold with myself. The divorce shall be conducted as privately as is possible. When will you apply for it?"

"I shall never apply for it. If you wish to be divorced, you must make the application. I shall not oppose it.

She had ceased weeping, and was looking up straight into his eyes—her tear-stained face lovelier even than that of Rotari's exquisite Magdalene, in which there is such a pathos of grief that those who have once seen it are haunted for ever by its heart-broken sadness. For a moment or more Carroll Tracey regarded steadily the beautiful face turned towards him, his heart touched by the thoughts that crowded in upon him. Had he without just cause thrown the shadow of his coldness over the life of the woman who now refused to avail herself of the opportunity he had offered her of a legal separation?

The clatter of a horse's hoofs rang over the gravelled carriage drive, and changed into impatient pawings as the rider dismounted and rang the bell. Both distinctly heard the words, "A telegram for Mr. Carroll Tracey," as the servant opened the door.

Going into the hall he took it from the messenger, and, tearing open the envelope, read it by the light of the hall lamp.

When he returned to the drawing-room Mildred asked, "Is anything wrong?" noticing as she spoke the deadly pallor of his face and the sorrow in his eyes.

"No, nothing is wrong that comes from God. I should have been too late, even had I reached the boat. Agnes is dead." Drawing a letter from his pocket, he opened it, and handed it to her, saying, "This is the letter that I received this afternoon from her husband."

Mildred took it from him with trembling hands, and with a face as white as his own stood under the chandelier and read:

"Agnes is worse, and would like to see you as soon as you can make it convenient to come to the city. I do not apprehend any immediate danger, but I am anxious that her every wish shall be gratified; and I beg that you will not allow your feelings towards me to prevent you from coming to my house. I will arrange it so that we shall not meet if you desire, but if you can overlook at this time whatever cause of grievance I have given you in the past, it will not be lost upon

Your brother in-law,
HAROLD GRAHAM."

Mildred stood motionless, except that her hands were trembling as she read, and her heart beating like a sledge-hammer. She felt as if she were in a dream, and some horrible nightmare had seized hold of her, stifling back the words of sympathy that were in her heart to say. Meantime Carroll Tracey stood watching her intently, and when she pressed one hand tightly over her heart as if the pain there was more than she could bear, he approached and led her to a seat.

"I foresee the end. Agnes no longer stands between you, and you shall be free to become his wife," he said.

Her answer was but a gesture, but as she turned her head away, and with one hand palm outwards, deprecatingly shielded her face from him, it was as if she had said, "Spare me! spare me! I can bear no more!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE STORK.

The demeanor of the stork on his first appearance is very important. Should he be chattering, the spectator will break a great deal of crockery during the ensuing twelvemonth; if silent, he will be lazy; if flying, he will be diligent. Thus say the peasants of Hanover and Mecklenburg. In the Altmark, a stork on the wing signifies to a maiden that she will soon enter the bonds of wedlock; but if stationary, she will be asked to act as sponsor. Whoever has money in his pocket on first beholding the stork, will never lack during the year, nor will he suffer from toothache.

The superstition that the stork brings the children is current all over Germany. In Silesia the flight of a stork over a house denotes the speedy arrival of a baby; while, in the island of Rugen, they say that, unless the stork lays eggs, the house will also be childless, and, as the young storks thrive, so will the children. Nobody dare shoot a stork in Rugen, for then he weeps large tears, and each tear portends a great misfortune. The stork is very particular about domestic peace in the dwelling where he takes up his abode, and strife soon drives him away. Swabian peasants say when the storks assemble for their winter migration, the males and females all pair off, and should there be an odd one, he or she is pecked to death by the rest. The Westphalians declare that the old storks always throw one of their brood out of the nest if the number be uneven. In Oldenburg there is a curious theory that the autumnal gatherings of the storks are in reality Freemason's meetings. The pious monk, Cesarius von Heisterbach, remarks: In an ancient chronicle, that the storks are models of conjugal fidelity; and when a female stork attempts flirtation with any other than her lawful husband, she is brought before a jury of storks, and if found guilty, they hack her to pieces with their long bills.

A FEW JUVENILE QUESTIONS.—"What makes that noise?" asked a little boy on the train, the other day. "The cars," answered his mother. "What for?" "Because they are moving." "What are they moving for?" "The engine makes them." "What engine?" "The engine in front." "What is it in front for?" "To pull the train." "What train?" "This one." "This car?" repeated the youngster, pointing to the one in which we sat. "Yes." "What does it pull for?" "The engineer makes it." "What engineer?" "The man on the engine." "What engine?" "The one in front." "What is that in front for?" "I told you that before." "Told who what?" "Told you." "What for?" "O, be still; you are a nuisance." "What's a nuisance?" "A boy who ask too many questions." "Whose boy?" "My boy." "What questions?" The conductor came through just then and took up the tickets, and the train pulled up to the station before we could get all of the conversation. The last we heard, as the lady jerked the youngster off the platform, was "What conductor?"

SNOWED UP.

"I believe I am the most unlucky fellow in the world," said Bertie Tyrrel half aloud as he tied his white tie.

"Why so, my dear fellow?" inquired a cheery voice at the door.

Bertie turned and said:

"Oh, Charley, is that you? Come in; I shall be ready in five minutes."

"What's the matter?" inquired his friend.

"Well, you see," replied Bertie, "I've just had a letter from my sister saying that Miss Patterson is about to leave Marchmont and proceed to the South of France. (Mother's not well, I believe.) You see I intended to go down this week and put myself out of my pain, Charley, I love that girl, and, Charley, I must marry her!"

"My dear Bertie, I should wait till the lady and party come to London, and then see her and ascertain your chance."

"They do not come to London; so I am completely upset."

"It will all come right, old fellow. Are you ready?"

"Yes; it is time to be off. I do not feel at all inclined to go, though," said Bertie, mournfully.

A dinner party was given by Mrs. Arteman, in whose husband's office Bertie Tyrrel was, or flattered himself he was, a shining light.

Many people came in the evening also, and just before the carriage was announced Mr. Arteman entered the room and gazed anxiously around. For some minutes he was unable to descry the object of his quest, but at last found him out, and touching young Tyrrel on the arm as he sat in a corner of the room, beckoned him aside.

Mr. Arteman put a telegram into his partner's hands.

"This looks serious," said Bertie, as he returned the paper. "What do you intend to do, sir? How can we restore confidence in the Manchester office?"

"By sending you down," replied his chief quietly.

"To-night—go to Manchester to-night!" exclaimed Tyrrel. "The thing's impossible!"

"Oh! dear, no," replied Mr. Arteman coolly, "I have had your bag packed already. I took the liberty to send Collins to your lodgings for your morning dress. I have a cab at the door. Run upstairs and change—take a bit of supper first, though. The Pullman train from St. Pancras starts at midnight."

"And it is now eleven," said Bertie, looking at his watch.

In fifteen minutes Bertie had received his last instructions from Mr. Arteman, and was off for the station.

The train soon started after this, and Bertie was rapidly whirled into the land of dreams.

But his dreams were pleasant dreams, and if he had not been conscious of the penetrating cold, he would have enjoyed a good night's rest. He shivered and awoke.

Something fell on the lamp—there it was again. It came in through the lattice over his bed. It was snow!

As the train flew along the track, little snow storms came up from the wheels in clouds of powdered dust.

But ten miles farther on the trap was laid. In a deep cutting, the northern wind and drifting cloud conspired to do battle with the boasted power of man.

Lie closer still, O drift! blow fiercer still, O wind! Ye wait the daring monster who boasts he can outstrip the wind, and rattle wildly o'er the snow-clad fields.

A roar through a tunnel—Bertie had once again turned in—the train emerged; it slackened speed; a long, deep whistle. The engine stopped dead short, and pushed up a six foot mound of snow, melting it for one brief half minute; the water dashed at its enemy, fire, and hissed its vengeance in its burning ears. The fiery foe collapsed; the mighty monster lay imbedded in the drift, harmless as a fettered giant, but still noisy in its protests.

The passengers awoke, and, shivering, came one by one at the end of the platform of the train, asking questions, and not waiting for answers. No need to ask what was the matter a second time. The helpless, lighted train glowed like a long lighthouse beneath the snow-clad embankment.

Snowed up! Not a doubt of it. When could assistance arrive? Were there any ladies in the train? No ladies; only twenty two travelers, and all men.

But Bertie was due at his Manchester office at nine o'clock that morning. It was now about a quarter to four. He must go on, and he expressed his determination to his fellow passengers.

"Ben," the engine driver, informed them that they were about an hour and a quarter's run from Manchester, and added a word of caution. But Bertie was determined to push on, and, accompanied by two other passengers, he started on his venturous expedition.

Once out of the cutting, he trusted to be free. Surely the stoppage of the line would be telegraphed by this time, and, perhaps, a train in waiting to take them on. So they stepped manfully out sinking deeply at every step, but still making progress.

For awhile they kept side by side. Struggling against the blast they kept on till, unknowingly, they mounted the side of the cutting and wandered far away across a level field, and over the distant hedge, covered up with newly-fallen snow.

Bertie rashly made up his mind to return in his tracks, which were plainly discernible, and against the advice of his companions he acted upon this resolution.

His one idea was to reach Manchester. If he did not succeed in averting the impending crash there, all his prospects would be ruined. His hopes of ever winning his lady-love would be completely shattered.

So he mantully struggled on—at times up to his knees in snow; once completely buried in the drift; he fell down, down, until nothing but a small star was visible overhead. The snow kept closing in. He breathed hard upwards toward the hole. (His hands were fastened to his sides by pressure of the drift.) By breathing hard at the tiny hole it became larger and larger. The snow melted, and he got a hand free. At length he got his head out, and after a severe struggle he fell forward, half insensible from cold and nervous exhaustion. He rolled over the harder snow for a space; down, down—it seemed as if he would never stop—a hard substance received him—a crash of glass, or ice, a moment afterwards fell upon his half unconscious ears, and he lay insensible on the ground. A light was burning steadily over his head.

The spirit remained in the body, but the clay tenement refused to acknowledge the presence of the master.

And thus lay Bertie in a trance—dead, and yet alive; ready to speak, dying to utter his thoughts, and yet dying because his speech was locked; the pressure on the brain was not yet unloosed, and Bertie lay there almost as he fell; at least it seemed so to him.

The subtle odor of a lady's presence clung sweetly around Bertie as he lay insensible to what passed, but unable to form a word, or look his thanks, or even recognize the gentle care.

Once he essayed to open his eyes, and, oh! how the vision of that one fair face he loved hung over his half-conscious brows, and was for a second photographed upon his brain. No—it was gone—a moment more and the dull whirr of the revolving wheels, the even motion of the Pullman car, all seemed to hold him in thrall as he lay supine on the soft cushions.

But this could not last. By slow degrees the brain resumed its sway. He opened his eyes. Things were very dim to him, and the cold, chill hand of Death apparently was on him. He could not move his head, and as he gazed with dull, half-open eyes, the vision of his love rose up to bid him welcome. Oh, lovely vision! it came nearer and nearer—it would touch him! yes, it bent down, and breathing a soft petition for his recovery—then vanished.

Whirr—whirr—whirr!

Did he dream still? No; voices distinctly fell upon his ears. Where was he? A shrill whistle broke the monotonous sound; the undulating movement of the car he had felt, or fancied, seemed to cease.

"Hush!" some one spoke. Bertie opened his eyes. He was dreaming still. * * * He lay upon a cushioned birth in a Pullman palace car. The lamp burned very dimly overhead. Daylight penetrated the curtains around him. He felt very weak and very cold, but he was not dreaming. How had he got there?—what had happened?—where was the snow?

He called out. A gentleman entered softly. "Where am I?" inquired Bertie faintly.

"Hush, hush! quite safe; do not agitate yourself," replied the doctor, as Bertie fancied the new-comer to be. "We have got you round nicely."

"But where am I?" persisted Bertie.

"You are at Ambergate Junction."

"I must go to Manchester at once. Help me up, please."

"My dear sir, it is quite impossible to move you. You have had a very severe fall, and must be kept quiet. We have telegraphed particulars to Mr. Arteman. You cannot be moved."

This was decisive, and the doctor left the berth. Yet, as soon as his back was turned, Bertie made an effort to rise. With difficulty he repressed a scream; the pain was acute. At length he fell asleep.

He awoke very hungry and saw the doctor at his side. He put out his hand, which Bertie took and clasped warmly in his own. The kind doctor made a careful examination of his patient and then said:

"You are much better this evening, I am glad to tell you, and as soon as the stiffness wears off you will be all right again. I may tell you now that we have had a telegram from Mr. Arteman. He is at Manchester, so your natural anxiety may be allayed."

"Indeed!" was the patient's only reply. "But I say," he added, "how did I get here? I remember being in the snow, and I think I fell—"

"I should think you did," replied the doctor. "You came plump into the car—rolling in snow."

"I am afraid I am still confused, doctor, for I do not understand you now."

"You rolled down the embankment into the windows. We were snowed up in the great cutting on the up-line. Another train, yours probably, was at the other end. You in your excursion tumbled into our windows. It was very fortunate for you that you didn't roll over the parapet into the river, my lad."

"And very lucky," said Bertie graciously, "that you happened to be in the train, doctor."

"You are not to thank me so much as Mr. and Mrs. Patterson, sir; and they telegraphed to Mr. Arteman."

"Mr. and Mrs. who?" exclaimed Bertie, sitting up quite regardless of his bruises. "Patterson, did you say?"

"Yes; do you know them? They did not appear to recognize you."

"Yes—so—I know a Miss Patterson—I——"

"Whew!" was all the doctor's answer.

"What! Is there a Miss Patterson? Is she here? Is she—was she in the train? Alice is her name."

"That is the lady; she nursed you until I came. Her mother is an invalid rather. They were caught in the drift last night like yourself."

"Where is she, doctor? Did she leave a message?"

The doctor's eyes twinkled. "Well, not exactly, but she gave me special directions to let her papa know how you were. That is the address."

He took an envelope from his pocket-book and handed it to Bertie, who read—"Harvey Patterson, Esq., at——Hotel London, till Friday afternoon."

"What's to-day?" inquired Bertie, hastily.

"This is Thursday. It is seven o'clock P. M."

"Doctor," exclaimed Bertie as he recalled the vision of the day before, while he lay half insensible, "I shall go to London to-morrow."

The doctor smiled. "What, and leave Manchester business! But, seriously, I think you scarcely fit to travel. Well, well; we shall see," he continued, as Bertie moved his head impatiently. "We shall see. Keep quiet now, and I dare say you will be well enough to go to London. Good night!"

"Good night." And then Bertie resigned himself to blissful thoughts and happy anticipations for the morrow.

Two o'clock was striking at Westminster when Mr. Bertie Tyrrell's card was taken into a private sitting room at the—— Hotel. There was only one occupant of the spacious room—a young lady whose good, sensible, and bright face lighted up with a softer expression as she read the name of her visitor.

"Show him in please," she said calmly, yet the palpitation beneath the well-fitting traveling dress to a woman's eye would have betrayed a secret.

The waiter ushered Bertie in and quickly retired. The young man waited till the door was closed, and as Miss Patterson stood up with outstretched hand, he clasped it warmly. No word of greeting did he speak. He only gazed for one moment into those eyes of liquid blue—the eyes grew tender, and then the shading lashes trembled, but only for a second. But Bertie could read.

Without a word, he clasped Miss Patterson in his arms. "My darling!" was all he said.

She struggled to free herself, strongly at first; but as he whispered something in the crimson shell-like ear close to his trembling lips, the pretty head sank upon his shoulder, and the silence that gives such sweet consent told all the rest.

When Mr. Patterson came half an hour afterwards, he found a prospective son-in-law seated on the sofa holding his daughter's hand.

Explanations ensued; the upshot of it being that Bertie's health required a change to the south of France. He was married in the ensuing summer; and he always considers that he owes his present happiness to having been snowed up.

Through the Flood.

BY JULIUS COMBE.

She was not beautiful—fascinating is the word which, perhaps, best describes her. A widow, too; and as she sits there indolently playing with her colored silks, while the bright sunshine rests upon her dark brown hair and delicate hands, there is something dangerously subtle about her.

Her reverie is broken by the entrance of a gentleman; fair, tall and handsome.

"Good morning, my dear Mrs. Layton; I hope you are well. Still engaged on that pretty embroidery? Pardon me, I was told Alice was here. Ah! there she is in the garden. I will go to her;" and he left the room.

The relation of the parties is simple enough. George Ashbury, who is both personable and wealthy, is engaged to be married to Alice, the youngest daughter of Colonel Pentwell; while Mrs. Layton, the elder of the two, has returned, a widow, to the paternal roof, since the engagement of her sister and George Ashbury.

A change comes over the pretty widow's face as she watches Alice and George—a change by no means adding to its beauty, so full is it of jealousy.

George stays but a few minutes, however; and when he has gone, Alice enters the room where her sister is seated. There is a family likeness between them, though Alice is calm, but proud, lacking the winning softness of manner and expression which is her sister's greatest charm.

"Mr. Ashbury paid a short visit," said Mrs. Layton.

"Yes; he called to say that he could not go to Bentleys' with us this afternoon, as he was obliged to visit Wentham on business."

"He goes to Wentham rather often, doesn't he?" she asked, putting a slight emphasis on the word "rather."

"Yes."

"He has relations near there—cousins, hasn't he?"

"I believe so."

"I think I remember one of them—Edith she was called; a pretty, fairy-like creature, with golden curls and laughing blue eyes, who seemed to introduce sunshine wherever she went. Were I engaged I should scarcely care for my suitor to see too much of such a nymph.

Alice made no reply, but her cheek flushed, and for an instant her proud lip quivered; then she was cold and placid again.

Her sister had marked the change, and had instantly dropped the subject, for she saw that the arrow shot at a venture had struck home.

That afternoon the Bentleys, friends of the Pentwells, gave a croquet party, and a large number of guests were assembled on the lawn, when the Colonel's daughter arrived.

Alice was soon deep in the mysteries of croquet, with a young lieutenant as her partner, and had just won the first game, when George Ashbury, accompanied by his pretty cousin, of whom Mrs. Layton had spoken, appeared among them.

Perhaps, at any other time, Alice would have accepted her lover's explanation as quite satisfactory, when he stated that on reaching Wentham, some five miles off, he found the business on which he went had been postponed for a week, and as his cousin and uncle were coming to Bentleys', he had decided upon accompanying them.

But the hints of the morning had not been thrown away, and resenting the fancied slight to herself, Alice received his excuses with polite indifference.

The thin end of the wedge of distrust and jealousy had been inserted, and the breach, slight as it was, increased rapidly. While apparently the most sincere and disinterested friend of both, Mrs. Layton daily helped to widen the breach she had caused. George Ashbury was her dupe. Mentally he drew comparisons between the sisters, always to Alice's disadvantage. His visits were as frequent as ever, but though he asked for Miss Pentwell, most of his time was spent in the company of Mrs. Layton.

One evening Alice was sitting in an arbor, engaged in reading, when her attention was attracted by the sound of familiar voices.

"But you loved Alice?"

It was her sister who spoke.

"That was before I knew you. Besides, Alice has ceased to care for me. You have told me so yourself; and if proof were wanting, does she not avoid me as much as possible? You need have no false delicacy on account of your sister; only say you will be my wife!"

Alice lost the answer. A faint giddiness she could not control, overcame her, the sense of hearing was, for the moment, gone, and, when she recovered, the voices were no longer near.

She could not in her present frame of mind meet the sister who had stolen away her priceless treasure, for, in her bitterest moments, Alice exonerated her lover from blame. Her own pride and her sister's scheming had, she was sure done all the mischief.

Marlpits, where Colonel Pentwell and his daughter resided, was a town of comparatively modern growth, situated in a wide, deep valley, many of the houses being built on the side of the hills.

Among its peculiarities was the reservoir for supplying the town with water—a large circular mound on a hill, originally above the town, though houses were now creeping up to it.

There had lately been ominous rumors of the insecurity of the reservoir. Some said the side nearest the town was giving way; that the severe frosts of the past winters had damaged the stone and earthworks, and there were many who predicted that one fine morning would find the town drowned.

It was Sunday, and as Colonel Pentwell and his two daughters entered the church they regularly attended, a ray of sunlight fell upon the old soldier's white hair, and lighted up his youngest daughter's pretty face, on which the expression of pride had given place to a look of humble faith and resignation such as it had never worn before.

She had at that moment forgotten George Ashbury and the love so lightly transferred; had forgotten her sister; all that troubled and oppressed her. So complete was her abstraction, that it was almost with a start of pain she heard George Ashbury speak to her, and hesitated while he took her listless hand.

The Colonel invited his intended son in-law to return to dinner with them as usual, and the party went home, George walking, as was his custom, by Alice's side; but there was a constraint felt by both. If Alice had not heard those words in the garden, all might have been well, for George already repented his apostacy, and desired to return to his old allegiance.

Awkwardly and painfully the day passed with them all. They had scarcely reached home when a storm, unequalled in violence for years past, burst over the town. Lightning and thunder flashed and pealed incessantly; the rain fell in sheets rather than in showers; the wind howled and dashed itself against houses, churches and public buildings, as though on a mission of destruction. George and Alice sat apart, each with a book before them, but ever and anon glancing up at the furious elements, till reading became nothing but a pretence.

Still the storm raged without, the streets are flooded, and the water rushes down them in streams.

Earlier than their usual custom the family retire for the night—a feeling of subdued anxiety, a feeling of coming misfortune, upon them all.

It must have been past midnight when the sleepers were awakened by the house rocking as though shaken from its foundation.

George Ashbury, who had remained for the night, had scarcely slipped on some clothing, when a woman's shriek rose above the roar of the water, and he ran out of his room, to be met almost at the door by the Colonel and Alice, who were hurrying to the room whence the scream proceeded.

With a word or two of concern and wonder, he followed them to Mrs. Layton's apartment. As they opened the door, their light was extinguished by a gust of wind; yet, for an instant, it had revealed an open window, and a white figure standing near it.

The noise had ceased, and before another light could be obtained, the room was filled with a rush of water. Groping in the dark, George managed to drag the old man and Alice from the place; then tried again to get a light, and return to rescue Mrs. Layton, but her room being half a flight of stairs lower than any of the other bedrooms of the house, the open window had admitted the rushing torrent of water without resistance, and now the room was filled, the furniture floating, the water pouring down the stairs, and joining the accumulation in the lower rooms; but not a trace of the figure seen for a moment at the window, was discernible.

It was a terrible morning for the inhabitants of Marlpits, one to be remembered for many a year. Men, women and children were among the drowned, Mrs. Layton one of the number; the rush of water had swept her off as she stood by the open window.

Her remains were found more than a quarter of a mile from the house. She was dead now. She had once been too dear for either Alice or George to speak aught of reproach against her memory. Once more are their hands lovingly clasped as they look upon the visage now so calm and still in its cold and motionless repose. A silent, but mutual, compact was sealed between them in that presence, which, when living, would have separated them. The fickleness and estrangement would be buried with its cause.

GOSSIP ABOUT PENS.

The earliest mode of writing was on bricks, tiles, stone, ivory, bark, etc. The first approach to the pen was the stylus, a kind of iron bodkin, but the Romans forbade its use on account of its frequent and even fatal use in quarrels, and then it was made of bone. Subsequently, reeds pointed and split were used. The next substitute was the goose-quill, which continued in use until metallic pens were manufactured.

If no substitute for the goose-quill had been discovered the world could not have maintained a tithe of its present correspondence, unless geese and other fowls had been bred in extraordinary numbers for the pluckage of their wings. It would be an interesting matter to calculate just how many geese would have to be raised and fed, and then robbed, for the supply of such a vast number of quills as would take the place of steel pens, when one firm produces 200,000,000 of these steel instruments annually.

The two pens employed in signing the treaty of Amiens are now in existence and were sold in 1852 for £300. The most diligent search fails to discover the early history of the steel pen. Steel, or rather iron, pens were made in Holland about the middle of the seventeenth century. Towards the close of the last century Mr. Harrison, of Birmingham, made steel pens for Dr. Priestly. They were merely tubes turned out of a flat strip of steel, with the sides and points filed away into the shape of pens. The first actual supply of pens was produced by Mr. Wise, of Sheffield, in 1803; but it was not until about 1820 that such instruments were produced in considerable quantities as regular articles of manufacture. James Perry was the first manufacturer, but the process was tedious and costly. To the first person he employed he gave five shillings for making each pen.

The first great impulse to the steel pen trade was given in 1822, when Joseph Gillot, of Birmingham, began pen making. His career was a notable and exemplary one. At first he worked in a very humble way, forging, filing and grinding the small barrel pens, first introduced, with the tools he had used in his trade as a cutlery grinder. He soon contrived two presses and rolling machines; and as both he and his wife worked day and night, and as he not only made but vigorously pushed them into public notice, his business quickly increased. His operations were at first conducted in comparative secrecy, and he took some trouble to burrow under the ground of his domicile an humble workshop, in order to bury his surplus steel, the waste which was punched out, and which he had not yet learned to utilize.

After many trials Mr. Gillott effected a great and permanent improvement in pens by cutting the side slits in addition to the centre slit, which had been solely in use up to that period. To this was afterwards added the cross grinding of the points, and these two processes perfectly succeeded in imparting elasticity to the steel pen, and bringing it up, in this respect, to an equality with "the gray goose quill." It is, however, a curious fact—and one worth noting if only as evidence of character—that Mr. Gillott himself never used a steel pen; he always wrote with a quill, and at that time social conservatives, such as bankers, merchants, lawyers, authors and others would not admit them into their offices or studies, looking upon them with distrust and aversion. So great and long-continued in certain quarters was the prejudice entertained against steel pens, that it is recorded of a late Judge in one of the Supreme Courts of Westminster, as recently as twelve years ago, that he took so much to heart the introduction of the objectionable article in lieu of the quill, into the sacred precincts of the Queen's Bench, that he became convinced of the approaching and inevitable downfall of British liberty and the British nation, which he thought he could distinctly trace to this daring and sacrilegious innovation. The worthy man—like the love-sick lady in the ballad—is said to have dropped his head and died, in consequence of this cruel blow, which was aggravated in his sensitive mind by the fact that his lordship on the bench not only actually used the pernicious implement, but publicly declared it to be an improvement upon the time-honored feather of the goose. This blow was too hard to bear, and the good man never entirely got over it.

In 1872 Mr. Gillott employed over 450 persons, and the manufacture of pens reached more than five tons per week. Mr. Gillott was also a most munificent patron of art. He died at the age of seventy-one. There are in this country extensive factories devoted to the manufacture of steel pens, but our country is chiefly noted for its diamond-pointed and iridium-pointed pens, which are made in New York to such a perfection as to command all the markets in the world. Some one has said that a rapid penman can write thirty words in a minute. To do this he must draw his pen through the space of one rod—sixteen and one-quarter feet; in forty minutes his pen travels a furlong, and in five and one third hours, one mile. We make on an average sixteen curves or turns of the pen in writing each word. Writing thirty words in a minute, we must make eighty to each second; in an hour, 2,800; in a day of only five hours, 144,000; in a year of 300 days, 43,200,000.

THE HOUSE CRICKET.—This little inmate of our dwellings is well known for its habit for picking out the mortar of ovens and kitchen fire-places, where it not only enjoys warmth, but can procure abundance of food. It is usually supposed that it feeds on bread. M. Latreille says it only eats insects, and it certainly thrives well in houses infested by the cockroach; but we have known it also to eat and destroy lamb's-wool stockings, and other woolen stuff hung near a fire to dry. It is evidently not fond of hard labor, but prefers those places where the mortar is already loosened, or at least is new, soft, and easily scooped out; and in this way it will dig covert ways from room to room. In summer, crickets often make excursions from the house to the neighboring fields, and dwell in the crevices of rubbish, or the cracks made in the ground by dry weather, where they chirp as merrily as in the snuggest chimney corner. Whether they ever dig retreats in such circumstances, we have not ascertained; though it is not improbable they may do so for the purpose of making nests. The Spaniards are so fond of crickets that they keep them in cages like singing birds.

MATERNAL TENDERNESS.—A sparrow, which had built her nest on the thatch-roof of a house, was observed to continue her regular visits long after the time when the young birds had taken their flight. This unusual circumstance continued throughout the year; and in the winter, a gentleman who had long observed her, determined on investigating its cause. He therefore mounted a ladder, and found one of the young ones detained by means of the worsted which formed part of the nest having become accidentally twisted round its leg. Being thus incapacitated from procuring its own subsistence, it had been fed and sustained by the continued exertions of its mother. If this be mere instinct, what is reason?

News of Interest

Ohio has abolished coroners' juries.

A Kansas hen has adopted a litter of kittens.

The seeds of nearly all eye diseases are sown in youth.

Paris now supports two thousand photograph galleries.

The attendance at the Paris Exhibition averages 100,000 a day.

New York has an average of twelve people to every house.

Ladies' clubs have proved a failure in New York and London.

Christian K. Ross has spent $80,000 in searching for his son.

The cities of the land now hold one-ninth of the population.

There are over two dozen insects that prey upon the potato bugs.

Medical experts are positive that death by hanging is entirely painless.

The Hindoos have the art of personating death so as to deceive able surgeons.

In the year 1828 there were but three miles of railroad in the whole United States.

On an average hens lay twelve dozen eggs a year, and consume sixty pounds of corn.

American dried fruits to the value of $2,500,000 were sold during the last year in Europe.

Capt Sylvanus Baker, of Dartmouth, Mass., 93 years of age, is cutting his third set of teeth.

Queen Victoria's new saloon railway car cost $20,000, and is considered one of the most beautiful ever built.

Gen. Grant was weighed at the Paris Exposition, on a scale in the American department. The figure was 167½.

History gives Italian merchants the credit of being the first to practice book-keeping with anything like system.

The deepest lake in the world, so far as known, is Lake Baikel, in Siberia, where a depth of 12,000 feet has been sounded.

A correspondent says that Prince Bismarck is fond of sitting up late at night, chatting over a bottle of wine or a glass of beer.

The Tender Glow of Sunrise.

touching a snow-covered mountain produces a soft auroral tint, and a luminous beauty which has its counterpart in the complexion that owes its charm to LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH. Nature in her most generous mood never conferred a pearlier clearness to the skin than this rejuvenating and healthful preparation is capable of producing. Faded complexions speedily resume their pristine freshness under its wonderfully restorative action.

PASSING AWAY.

BY ALICE L. MCALILLY.

Childhood of innocence,
Joyous and free,
Brimful of mischief,
Frolic and glee:
Why speed so swiftly? Linger to-day!
Whither art going? Passing away.

Youth in thy beauty,
Smiling and fair,
Stop for a moment—
Give heed to my prayer!
Rush not so boldly; as onward you stray,
The dreams of enchantment are passing away.

Manhood so glorious,
Strong in thy prime,
Gliding so lightly
On billows of time:
Canst thou not pause for a moment's delay?
Art thou too passing, passing away?

Old age so feeble,
Weak from the strife
Fought in the sunshine
And shadows of life:
Linger awhile and rest thee, I pray;
Life's weary journey is passing away.

Time's stream, pausing not,
Steadily flows,
Unchecked by entreaties
Of weal or of woes:
Its deep flowing current seems ever to say:
Like time, thou art passing, passing away.

ERCELDEAN.

—OR—

The Price of a Heart.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," &C.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Opera-house was crowded. A new singer upon whom the Parisian public had showered laurels was to make her *debut* in England, and she had chosen the well-known and favorite opera of *Norma* for her first appearance. The fashionable world were all on the *qui vive* to see her and give their verdict. The house was crowded with some of the loveliest and noblest women in England. There were present the lovely wife of the Spanish ambassador, who was turning all heads with her beauty, the charming Comtesse de Ploisy, the magnificently beautiful Duchesse d'Inesse, of whose nationality no one seemed quite certain, but whose beauty every one admired; there was also present the beautiful blonde Constance Seymour, the vivacious Lady Talahide—said to be one of the wittiest women in Europe—the pretty twin sisters the Ladies Guthrie, the dark, Cleopatra-like Marchioness of Eastmere, who wore the finest pearls in Europe. But it was acknowledged on all sides that the loveliest woman in that house was the heiress of Erceldean, Beatrix Lennox, "Prince Charlie's" daughter. All eyes sought her—every glass was turned, sooner or later, to the box where she sat with the Duchess of Elmslie. At the last moment Lady Lennox had declined going, and Beatrix had gone with the Duchess. She was beautifully dressed, and wore the diamonds that Peter Lennox had presented to her; her beautiful face was bright with the light that never shines upon land or sea; her dark eyes were full of a soft radiance; the queenly head was crowned with a circle of small diamonds that seemed to scintillate with every movement. She carried a bouquet of heath and scented geraniums; a jewelled fan lay near her. People raved of her beauty that night—of the dark-eyed girl with a mouth like a rose. They talked about her. Many persons gazed more at Beatrix Lennox than they did at the queen of the stage.

Miss Lennox seemed to be somewhat preoccupied. There was a dreamy expression in the lustrous eyes, an air of expectation about the whole figure; every now and then the beautiful head was half turned.

Beatrix expected Beltran Carew, and longed for his coming. She said to herself that she wished to see him because his conversation interested her—because he quoted quaint poems to her—because he was so unlike other men; but she never either said or thought that she was beginning to love him.

The Duchess of Elmslie looked at her with a good-natured smile.

"You expect some one, Beatrix," she said. "I know who it is. He is sure to come."

There was only one "he" in the wide world for the beautiful young heiress. She blushed, hesitated, and then replied—

"Yes, I know he is coming—he told me that he should."

The Duchess smiled again; all was certainly going well. If the Duke and her godchild were on such good terms, all must be settled between them. There was a slight noise at the door, and then a voice said—

"Good evening."

Beatrix looked up—it was the Duke of Heathland. He spoke to the Duchess, and then sat down by Miss Lennox.

"I have been so unfortunate lately," he said—"It has been the 'winter of my discontent.' I have missed you, Beatrix. I have called several times at Strathnarn House—you have always been out."

"Yes, we have been terribly dissipated," she replied; but she spoke without thinking—she only longed in her heart that he would go away and make room for Beltran. "Even if he comes now," she thought, "I shall hardly be able to speak to him."

She was so absent that the Duke looked at her curiously.

"I will not ask if you are well to-night," he said—"you look most charming; but you seem absent, Miss Lennox, as though your thoughts were not here."

"I have no particular thoughts just now," she returned, "so it matters little where they are."

"Your least thought is most precious to me," he said.

She looked at him almost piteously, as though she would fain have said, "Do not spoil this beautiful opera by making love to me." Perhaps he understood the unspoken thought, for he looked at the stage and began to speak to her about the music.

Presently the door of the box opened again. She knew it was Beltran before he spoke. Some strange instinct seemed to tell her that he was there. The Duke saw a burning flush overspread her fair face, and was foolish enough to think that his half-whispered words had brought it there.

"I am making progress," he told himself. "She blushes now when I talk to her—and my belief is that when a girl blushes at one's wooing she is half won."

Then he glanced round angrily to see who was the intruder.

That barrister? What impertinence! What right had he to enter the box where Miss Lennox was seated—a box occupied by the Duchess of Elmslie? This confusion of class, this mingling of ranks, was most absurd, thought the Duke. People would soon begin to talk of Beltran Carew, now seen so much with Miss Lennox.

It was a very dark, angry face that he turned to Beltran. Its expression was lost upon him, for he did not see it. He passed his Grace with a smile and courteous words, he bowed low to the Duchess, but he saw no one save beautiful Beatrix.

She spoke gaily and brightly to him. There was no seat vacant near her, so Beltran stood behind her chair. He was obliged to bend over her to talk to her, and there were times when his fair clustering hair seemed almost to touch her lustrous tresses. The Duke was beside himself with jealousy. The perfume from her flowers reached Beltran.

"I could never say," he remarked, "which of the two I am the more sorry for, Norma or Adelgisa."

"I pity Norma most," confessed Beatrix.

"What immortal passions they are, love and jealousy!" he said. "Have you ever been jealous, Miss Lennox?"

"Not yet," said frank Beatrix, with a pretty gesture that made the light in her jewels quiver.

"Then you expect to be at some future day?" he laughed.

"If every mortal has to love and to be jealous, why should I hope to escape the common lot?"

"I wish I had time to prove to you that one seldom lives without the other. You know what the king of sentiment and romance, Bulwer, says?—

"'I do not think that doubt and love
Are one, whate'er they tell us;
Yet nay—lift not thy looks above:
A star can make me jealous!'

Now, Miss Lennox, there is no phase of love that our great novelist did not understand."

He was interrupted by the Duke, who could restrain himself no longer. He did not hear distinctly, what the young barrister was saying, but conversation with Miss Lennox in a low tone of voice was not to be endured for a moment.

"I am sorry to interrupt you, Mr. Carew. Miss Lennox, don't you think our gifted *debutante* resembles Grisi?"

"I have never seen Grisi," she replied.

"Ah, I am forgetting! You were at Strathnarn while she was driving half the musical world crazy with her glorious voice and superb acting. I have seen her so often in *Norma*—it was the finest character she had in her *repertoire*. Listen—that is exquisite."

The music altogether was exquisite, but it was more his anxiety to prevent any further conversation between Beatrix and Mr. Carew than his desire that she should listen which dictated the words.

"'Then I heard a strain of music,
So mighty, so pure, so dear,
That my very soul was silent,
And my heart stood still to hear:'"

whispered a voice behind her.

"Oh, if the Duke would but go!" thought Beatrix. The witchery of the hour was upon her—the glamour of the light, the fragrance of the flowers—above all, the music "so mighty, so pure, so dear!" Oh; if the Duke would but go and leave her to enjoy herself after her own fashion—leave her to talk to Beltran! But the Duke was wiser than that; he maintained his ground until other friends came in and the conversation grew general.

On the following evening one of Beltran's professional acquaintances—a persevering stolid young barrister of the Temple—said to him:

"I saw you at the Opera last night; that was the beautiful Miss Lennox you were with. I saw the Duke of Heathland too. Are you taken captive, Beltran?"

"I have the greatest admiration for Miss Lennox," he replied haughtily.

"Take my advice and let it be nothing more than admiration," said the other. "I was afraid it had gone further than that; and with the golden prospect of success that lies before you there could be no greater evil for you, my dear boy, than an unhappy love."

"There is no thought about love," declared Beltran haughtily. "Even if there were, I do not see what it must be unhappy."

"But I do," opposed his friend. "Miss Lennox is heiress of Erceldean; she is the niece and heiress of a millionnaire. You have nothing but what you earn by your own industry. There is no simularity between such lots. The world will say strange things of you if you appear as the admirer of a great heiress."

"I declare, upon my word, that I have never thought about the matter," replied Beltran vehemently. "No one would ever dare to call me a fortune-hunter. You know it."

"I know the world is cruel in its judgments and merciless in its verdicts," was the calm rejoinder, as the stolid young barrister walked away, leaving Beltran to his own reflections.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Beltran Carew sat in his room alone. He had never thought so long and seriously in his life before. The few careless words that his fellow-barrister had spoken had pierced his inmost heart. For the first time he realised the difference in the social position of Miss Lennox and himself, and saw plainly what the world would think of him—how the world would judge and calumniate him. She was the heiress of a millionnaire, he was a barrister struggling at the commencement of his career. With his modest five or six hundred a year, how could he seek the heiress of thousands? Where was the wisdom, the fairness of such a marriage? He had been so completely enslaved by her beauty and grace, so bewitched and enthralled by her, that he had not thought of these things.

"I have been mad," he said, with fierce contempt, "but the madness was so delightful, I would rather remain mad. How could I help loving her, when she is simply the loveliest woman I have ever beheld? How could I help it? And then I am sure, if those dark eyes of hers speak truth, she cares a little for me. She is so proud, so pure, so earnest, she would never have allowed me even to touch her hand had she not cared for me."

Nevertheless she was a beauty, a belle, the queen of the season, the heiress of a millionnaire; would it be fair, honest, or honorable therefore for him to seek her liking, to win her, when he had comparatively nothing to lay at her feet? In after years perhaps she might regret having sacrificed so much for him. The Duke of Heathland was her admirer; the Prince de Ferros could have made her queen of a small kingdom. Was it fair or right of him to go with his poverty and seek to withdraw her from the position she was so well qualified to adorn?

"I wish I could make her a princess or a duchess," he said. "For the first time in my life I envy the rich man his title and his wealth. I would fain be a prince—I would fain have a dukedom."

Then he thought to himself that, after all, the grandest honors, the noblest title, were those that a man won for himself. Ah, if he could but win them!

"So I can," he mused—he stretched out his strong hands as he threw the hair back from his brow—"I have the strength and the energy; but then I could not ask her to spend the best years of her sweet life waiting for me. It would not be fair, it would not be just—I cannot do it."

He was wretchedly unhappy. From the first minute he had seen her she had taken full and perfect possession of his whole life; he had thought of nothing else—seen, heard, dreamed of nothing but beautiful Beatrix Lennox. He had so intentionally fallen in love with her, but in the first instant in which his eyes fell upon her face his life had suddenly grown complete. In the glamour of his love, in the whirl of the sweet witchery which had fallen over him, all other considerations had been lost. He had been lured by her beauty, by her wonderful grace and fascination, by her sweet, quick womanly ways, by her earnest, simple, perfect truth, by her love of romance and poetry. As he sat thinking of her he said to himself that in all things and all ways she was perfection.

But she was not for him. He would not go to her and say, "I love you with the whole love of my soul—I lay my heart at your feet—I pray you to be my wife; but we must wait until I have made a position, or I must be willing to share your fortune." He could never do that. "She called me a hero," he said to himself, "and a hero I will be. I cannot live on my wife's fortune."

There was only one thing for him to do, but he decided upon going to see his mother before he did it.

The night seemed long; he could not sleep; and the beautiful haunting face was never away from his mind. He saw Beatrix as she looked when she sat with him in the shade of the cedar-tree—as she looked in the fernery when he almost lost his senses over the beauty of her hands—as she looked in her queenly loveliness in the dress of Marie Stuart; and then he turned on his pillow, longing with his whole heart for a few minutes rest and forgetfulness—as though a man in love for the first time in his life could sleep calmly or forget.

When it was time, he rose gladly and went direct to his mother's house. Mrs. Carew was still in her pretty breakfast-room, drinking her fragrant tea from the daintiest of cups. She looked up in wonder when her son entered the room.

"Beltran," she cried, "what has brought you here, my dear, so early in the morning? What has happened?"

"I am here only to speak to you, mother," he said; and his mother glanced at him in anxious alarm. The music, the hope, and the youth seemed to have died out of his voice.

He sat down in one of her pretty lounging chairs. She rose hurriedly and went to him.

"How ill you look, Beltran, my boy, my darling! What is it? Have you been sitting up all night writing or studying?"

"No, mother; I have been awake all night thinking—and that is worse."

"Much worse," she said. She laid her cool soft hand on his brow. "Your head burns, Beltran. You are not well, I am sure."

"I am well enough in body—I am ill in mind, mother. I am come to ask your advice. Tell me what you think—do not be afraid of hurting me. I can bear pain."

"My poor Beltran," she said gently, "surely the pains of life have not begun for you yet?"

"I have fallen in love, mother," he told her. "The words are simple and weak. Every one uses them, I suppose. They hardly tell of the joy that is almost torture, of the pleasure that is keenest pain."

"I know it, my dear," she said gently. "The great event of life has come to you—that which makes or mars an existence has happened—and you fear it."

"Yes, I fear it—for the lady I love is far above me. It seems to me that I may just as well stretch out my hands with longing to one of the stars as to her."

"Why?" asked Mrs. Carew thoughtfully.

"In the first place, she is beautiful—I do not think, say, I am sure, that the world holds no fairer, sweeter woman—princes woo her and woo in vain; then she is rich—she is heiress to a large estate and to the fortune of a millionnaire. I have nothing but what I earn."

"You will have all that I have, Beltran."

He turned to her and kissed her.

"I should be less than a man, mother, to speculate on your wealth. I hope that I shall never touch a farthing of it. If I had it all even now, it would not help me; it would still be poverty in comparison with hers."

"Beltran," said his mother in a low persuasive voice, "will you tell me who this is? Your secret will be safe with me."

"I know that," he replied; "but I am afraid you will think me so very foolish. I could not help it though, on my honor."

"I am afraid I know already," said his mother. "It is Miss Lennox, Beltran."

His face flushed hotly, his lips quivered in a vain attempt to speak carelessly. Then, after a moment's pause, he said—

"Yes, it is Miss Lennox. How did you guess it, mother?"

"I was afraid of it from the first moment that you saw her," she replied, "but I did not like to warn you; it happens so often that a warning given in that way brings about the very evil that a person seeks to avoid. I am very sorry, Beltran."

"Then you think it hopeless?" he said.

"Quite hopeless, unless——"

"Unless what, mother?" he asked.

"Unless Miss Lennox is very different from other girls and loves you for yourself—unless she is willing to change her state and splendor for such a position as you could give her."

He sat for some minutes in deep thought, and then, with a wistful smile that made her heart ache, he looked up into his mother's face.

"You understand the world and its ways well—tell me, would it be right or just, noble or honorable, for me to ask her to wait while I made a position? We know that peers and princes woo her—that she might be a duchess or a princess."

"But if she loves you, Beltran?"

"Ought I to take advantage of her love? She is young, and might mistake a girl's fancy for love, and in the years to come might reproach me and say that I had not acted fairly. You know, mother, since she called me a hero I have felt that I could not make my life noble enough."

"There is some truth in that, Beltran," allowed Mr. Carew. "It is hardly honorable, I suppose, for a poor man to wed a great heiress; yet such a thing has been done."

"The world would brand me at once. It would say that I was a fortune-hunter—that I had married her for her money; by its harsh, hard sayings it would take all the bloom from my sensitive love. And in time—this thought deters me most—even she might think so."

"It is all true, Beltran. If she is disposed to care for you, there is all the more reason why you should gird on your armor. Of course her friends would never consent—it is not to be supposed for one moment that they would. There would come disagreements, perhaps even poverty. If she married beneath her, her uncle might disinherit her. For proud, beautiful Miss Lennox that would never do, Beltran."

"No," he cried, "she is born to hold an exalted station. She would be quite out of her place as a poor man's wife. I must travel, mother—there is no help for it. I am so mad, so besides myself with loving her, that I could not keep away from her if I remained in London—I should go where I knew that I could see her; and if I saw her I should be compelled to speak to her. You do not know how difficult it has been for me to keep from telling her how wildly I worship her. I must go where I cannot see her face or hear her voice. I am as strong as most men, I have no doubt, but I am weak where she is concerned."

"Poor Beltran!" said Mrs. Carew. "Miss Lennox is very loving and very charming; but I wish we had never seen her rather than that she should have made you unhappy, my son."

"I would rather be made unhappy by her than be beloved and blessed by another," he confessed. "Those who have loved Beatrix Lennox can never seek a lower or less noble love. That Italian Prince de Ferros, I have heard people say, has attracted the notice of half the fine ladies in London. He never seems to see any one except Beatrix Lennox. I will travel, mother—it is by far the most honorable course."

"Yes, Beltran—go; absent yourself for one year; and if when you return you find her unmarried, pleased to see you, kind and gentle as she is now, you may rest assured that she cares for you. In that case woo her with a contented mind. Your love will perhaps make her happier than her uncle's gold could do. Of course, if she cares nothing for you, she will marry the Duke who seeks her so perseveringly."

Beltran sighed deeply.

"I will follow your advice, mother—I will go at once. I will go to Athens—that will surely be far enough away. I can study the old Greek codes. It is better to go at once. I must not see her again; if I do, I cannot answer for myself. I should be compelled, against my own instinct of what is right and honorable, to tell her how I love her—and I must not do it, mother."

"No, my son, you must not," she returned; "you must make the sacrifice, and make it at once. Is it much to expect from a man like you?"

No one but himself knew how much it was or what it cost him.

CHAPTER XXX.

The Season was drawing to a close. The Prince de Ferros still lingered, always hoping against hope, always longing to see some sign of relenting in the dark eyes that never softened for him save in pity. As plainly as she could speak—and no one could speak more plainly—Beatrix had told him over and over again that she did not and never should love him.

"I feel that I cannot return to my own country without you," he said to her one morning; and she answered—

"Then I am afraid, Prince, you will have to remain here."

"Will you never relent, beautiful Beatrix?" he went on.

"No, never," she replied. "I know what the word 'never' conveys, and I repeat it—never."

"Then I wish I were dead!" he cried. "I wish I had never seen this country or the fatal beauty of your face. I shall go home the most miserable of men. I can never be happy again. I do not care to live another day."

"An Englishman would not say such things to me," she said warmly. "It is unkind."

She could give him no comfort, this handsome melancholy Prince, whose dark eyes followed her with such wistful pain; in she tried to rouse the manhood within him, and show him how ungenerous it was to persecute her when she could not love him.

One evening she stood talking to her mother about him, who sympathised with all her daughter's lovers and made their sorrows her own.

"He makes me uncomfortable, mamma," she said. "I cannot bear to see pain, and he shows one so plainly that he suffers. It is just what I imagined the love of a man to be."

Lady Lennox was beginning to understand her daughter better.

"What is the love of a hero then, Trixie? For I know you distinguish between men and men, a section of whom you have chosen to call heroes."

"A hero, mamma, if he loved me, and thought his love brought me any kind of unhappiness, would say, 'Heaven bless her!' and leave me with a smile on his face."

Afterwards it struck her as something more than strange that she should have said those words.

* * * * * *

It was a pleasant morning near the close of June. The sun was not too warm, yet it shone brightly enough; the air was sweet with the breath of a thousand flowers; the wind made music in the trees—all nature wore a smiling face.

Beatrix had risen with a light heart. She was sure to see Mr. Carew, she said to herself, in the course of the day. He had not been able to say much to her on the previous evening at the Opera; but he had revealed a great deal. She had rightly read in his face that he had much to say; he would be sure to call when the joyous world was in full activity. He would call on some pretext or other, and, if he did not, she should see him in the evening.

It was Mrs. Carden's ball that was to be given on that evening, and Mrs. Carden had made a point of asking him—it was well known that this lady admired Mr. Carew very much. Beatrix would meet Beltran at the ball; but it was a long time until evening—luncheon and dinner had to be "gone through." Moreover, she would have to amuse callers and to read to her uncle. She had so many things to tell Beltran—the hours seemed so long.

"Patience," she said to herself—"the longest day must come to an end." She stood by a cage full of tropical birds—birds that her uncle loved, and that, because he loved them, she attended to herself. The melancholy Prince would have called them happy birds to have her lovely face smiling near them. She stood near the cage, admiring the bright, brilliant plumage of its inhabitants, when a letter was brought in to her. She placed it carelessly on the table, intending to open it when she had attended to the birds; no doubt it was a circular from some Court perfumer or milliner—Beatrix had but few correspondents. Little imagining what lay close to her hand, she took up the letter when she had provided for the wants of the birds, and broke the seal. The handwriting was quite new to her. When she saw that it was a closely-written letter, she looked at the signature—"Beltran Carew."

Her face flushed when she read the name. She put the letter hurriedly into her pocket. It could not be read before Lady Lennox or any one else; she must read it alone. With her heart beating fast for joy, and her face burning with a hot flush, she hastened to her own room. What could he possibly have to say to her? Why had he written? Her fingers trembled as she held the sheet of note paper. It seemed to her that her name had never looked so well in writing before.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A SAUSAGE PROCESSION.—It was formerly the custom of the butchers of Konigsberg, in Prussia, to draw through the streets of the town on New Year's day, to the sound of trumpets and kettle drums, a sausage of some hundreds of ells in length. One of the most remarkable of these processions is thus described by an eye witness: "On the first of January, 1601, the butchers of Konigsberg marched gloriously, with drums beating, fifes whistling, and banners of green and white fluttering gaily. Their leader carried in his hand a spit, decorated with feathers and ribbons. One hundred and three journeymen dragged the noble sausage, which measured 1,000 ells; on each side ran guards to protect it. When they reached the royal castle, his princely grace was presented with 180 ells. Thence they proceeded to the Sowenicht, where they were received with many honors by the bakers, and detained as guests. To them they presented a portion of the sausage, and the day closed with festivities which were prolonged far into the night." This sausage weighed 883 pounds; 81 hams, the intestines of 45 hogs, one ton and a half of salt, the same quantity of beer, and eighteen pounds of pepper were required to make it, and it cost two days' work to three master butchers and eighty-seven journeymen.

THE REVIEWER.
NEW PUBLICATIONS.

James A. Moore, of 1220 Sansom street, this city, has published an effective and highly moral serial called "Child and Woman," from the German of Clementine Helm, by J. Ettelia Cooke. The story is a good one and inculcates the best of teaching. It is a work of fiction which ought to be read in every family. The translation is admirably executed. The publisher deserves great credit for the manner in which this work is issued. It is printed upon fine paper in large readable type, contains 428 pages, and is bound in ornamented cloth. 12 mo.; price $1.50.

Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., of this city, publish "Seaforth," by Florence Montgomery. This is a beautiful work of fiction, and the story of the lonely child is well told and artistically portrayed. 12 mo., extra cloth, price $1.25.

Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., also publish "Friendship," a story of society, by Ouida, whose name is sufficient to assure the reader that they are getting the worth of their money and that the work is first class. This is a powerful work, and is beautifully printed and bound—the binding being extra cloth ornamented, and the printing and paper excellent. 423 pages. Price $1.50.

Messrs. Lee & Shepard, of Boston, publish their fine romance of "Rothmell," by the author of "That Husband of Mine." This is a work of fine power and is deeply interesting. 371 pages, bound in cloth. Price $1.50. For sale by Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city.

Messrs. Lee & Shepard also issue "His Inheritance," by Adeline Trafton, a most carefully drawn work of fiction, and one which will well repay reading. The story is absorbing, and the artistic work of style, plot and character-delineation show the hand of a master. 12mo., fine cloth. Price $1.50. For sale by Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., of New York, have issued in their "New Handy Volume Series," two new works called "A Struggle," by Barnet Phillips, and "Jet, Her Face or Her Fortune," by Mrs. Annie Edwardes. "A Struggle" is a fine story in four parts, with a French local coloring which adds to its interest. The style is good and the character drawing unexceptionable. "Jet" has appeared in the pages of *Appleton's Magazine* for some months past, and may be familiar to most readers. It is powerful and natural both in style and plot. Both these little volumes are just the thing for travellers, as they can be thrust into a pocket as nicely as possible. They are bound in colored paper, and are sold at the remarkable low sum of 25 cents a volume. For sale by Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., also publish Christian Reid's novel, "Bonny Kate," a story full of effect and interest. 322 pages, 8 vo.; paper, 50; cloth, $1.50. For sale also by Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

Messrs. Appleton also publish in their Literature Primer series "English Grammar and Exercises," by Rev. Richard Morris and H. C. Bowen. An excellent work is this, and not the least meritorious feature about it is the philosophical and clear way in which syntax is treated. A number of good exercises is given at the end of the book as a study for correction of style and bad grammar. 12 mo., 100 pages. Price 45 cents. For sale by Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

Messrs. Houghton, Osgood & Co., of Boston, issue in their beautiful little series of artist biographies, that of "Michael Angelo," than which no more entertaining life history can be found. It is published uniform with the rest of the series, and contains 150 pages. Price only 30 cents. Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger have all these works for sale.

Messrs. J. M. Stoddart & Co., of this city, publish a sweet little story called "His Dear Little Wife." The style and effect of the story are very good, and the moral tone and lesson inculcated by this interesting narrative cannot fail to be appreciated by all readers. It is a sad and a true story, and the pathos of it is treated in a masterly way. 120 pages; paper; 25 cents.

Messrs. Estes & Lauriat, of Boston, have published another volume of the Cobweb series of choice fiction, called "Dosia," a Russian story from the French of Henry Greville, by Mary Neal Sherwood. This serial is a dramatic and most interesting recital of the adventures of well drawn characters. Cloth—black, red and gilt. Price $1.50.

From Messrs. Colby & Rich, of Boston, we have received "Buddhism and Christianity Face to Face," or an oral discussion between a Buddhist priest and an English clergyman, held at Pantana, Ceylon, with an introduction and annotations by J. M. Peebles, M. D. This is a very good exposition of the doctrines of Buddha. The same firm send us "Christ the Corner Stone of Spiritualism," by J. M. Pebbles, M. D. A work characterised by bold thoughts and good style.

Henry Ward Beecher's oration, "The Army of the Republic—Its Services and Destiny," forming No. 12 of the *Christian Union* extras, has been sent us. This fine oration was delivered at the reunion of the Army of the Potomac at Springfield, Mass., Wednesday, June 5, 1878. This little work can be purchased for 10 cents. Published by the *Christian Union*, 27 Park Place, N. Y.

"How to Spend the Summer, Where to Go, How to Go, and How to Save Money," is another good and seasonable little book issued by the Christian Union. It contains spicy hints about travel from the pens of Austin Abbotts, W. H. H. Murray, Frank Converse, Lyman Abbott and others, and is fully worth what it costs, 25 cents.

Messrs. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, of New York, announce a "Biographical Memoir of William Cullen Bryant, from the pen of his intimate friend, Gen. James Grant Wilson. This will be incorporated in a "Memorial Edition" of Mr. Bryant's well known "Library of Poetry and Song."

The second volume of "Bryant's Popular History of the United States" is, we understand, in the hands of the binders, and will be ready for delivery to its numerous subscribers in a few days by Scribner's Sons. The third volume is to appear in a few months, and the whole work will be pushed to a rapid conclusion.

MAGAZINES.

The second annual number of *The Magazine of Art*, published by Cassell, Petter & Galpin, is received, and continues the high standard of illustration inaugurated by the first number. The principal features of the present issue are a drawing on wood by Millais; the second instalment of the Paris Exposition; the second article on Prague, with fine illustrations; and "The Color of Precious Stones," by Prof. Church. A very good engraving is given of Paul Dubois' "Charity," now on exhibition at the French Exposition.

The children's magazines, *The Nursery* and the *Monthly Reader*, for July, are filled with charming illustrations and stories, and are so attractive they should be welcome visitors to every home where there are little ones. Published by John L. Shorey, Boston.

NEW MUSIC.

Messrs. S. T. Gordon & Son, of New York, publish "Miss Jenny—ap-Thomas, ap-Shenkin, ap-Jones," a comic song and dance. It is very good, both as regards melody and words. "Always Some Sunshine to Cheer Us," a ballad by Bentley; very pretty in four flats. "Pins and Needles Galop," a lively piece. "The Blithesome Maiden," song for soprano voice; very good. "Friendship March," by Freeman, a stirring movement and grand melody.

Messrs. White, Smith & Co., of Boston, publish "Sounds that Linger," polka rondo, by Bailey; "Phonograph March," brilliante, by Blake; "Good bye, Old Swannee River," song and chorus; "Oh, Nanni Wilt thou Gang With Me," by Gilbert, very pretty; "Dripping Fountain," Mazouka, brilliant and lively; "Palm Leaf," schottische, not difficult and pleasing; "Dying Leaf," march; "Lilly Blossom," quickstep.

D. P. Faulds, of Louisville, Ky., publishes a pretty song called "Wife, Little Ones, and Home," with chorus. The words and music are both very effective.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

The agitation of thought is the beginning of truth.

None have less praise than those who hunt most after it.

The best way to condemn bad traits is by practising good ones.

The main difference between men, insignificant and great, is energy.

A quarrel is, nine times out of ten, merely the fermentation of a misunderstanding.

A lady describing an ill natured man says he never smiles but he feels ashamed of it.

Some write, talk and think so much above vice and virtue that they have no time to practice either.

When the world has once got hold of a lie, it is astonishing how hard it is to get it out of the world.

We pass our lives in regretting the past, complaining of the present, and indulging false hopes of the future.

Prefer sense to wit; never seek to be diverting without being useful; let no jest intrude upon good manners.

Every man thinks Cæsar's wife ought to be above suspicion, but he is far less particular as to what Cæsar himself ought to be.

The reputation of a man is like his shadow—gigantic when it precedes him, and pigmy in its proportions when it follows after him.

We should round every day of stirring action with an evening of thought. We are taught nothing by experience unless we muse upon it.

That which is good to be done, cannot be done too soon; and if it is neglected to be done early, it will frequently happen that it will not be done at all.

Distinguish between idleness, ignorance, want of attention, and malice; words do sometimes slip from the tongue which the heart did neither hatch nor harbor.

The great secret of avoiding disappointment is not to expect too much. Despair follows immoderate hope, as things fall hardest to the ground that have been nearest the sky.

In listening to some men's conversation we fancy three marks of admiration at the end of each sentence, as hieroglyphics of the admiration of the speakers at their own cleverness.

One great secret of domestic enjoyment is too much overlooked—that of bringing our wants down to our circumstances, instead of toiling to bring our circumstances up to our wants.

As benevolence is the most sociable of all virtues, so it is of the largest extent; for there is not any man either so great or so little but he is yet capable of giving and of receiving benefits.

The wise man makes equity and justice the basis of all his conduct. The right forms the rule of his behavior, deference and modesty mark his exterior, sincerity and fidelity serve him for accomplishments.

We do not please Heaven more by eating bitter aloes than by eating honey. A cloudy, foggy, rainy day is not more heavenly than a day of sunshine. A funeral march is not so much like the music of angels as the song of birds on a May morning.

There is seldom a line of glory written upon the earth's surface, but a line of suffering runs parallel with it; and they that read the lustrous syllables of the one, and stop not to decipher the spotted and worn inscription of the other, get the lesser half of the lesson earth has to give.

There is, of course, much rough work to be done in the world for which grace and courtesy might be deemed superfluous; but wherever they can be applied, there is no doubt that they greatly sweeten and beautify life. The art of good manners is to hit the right meaning between courtesy and insincerity, and to combine perfect graciousness with perfect truth; and this cannot be done unless courtesy springs from the right source—general good-will towards mankind.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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or the conflict between RUSSIA and TURKEY is the LIVE book for LIVE agents. Has 700 octavo pages, 100 Engravings of Battles, Fortresses, Generals, etc., etc. Price, $3.00. Terms unequaled. AGENTS WANTED. H. S. GOODSPEED & CO., New York, or Cincinnati, O.

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The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821
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1821

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SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 6, 1878.

Contents of this Number.

ENCHILDEAN, or, The Price of a Heart—Chapter XXVII., XXIX., XXX.
OF DANGEROUS GROUND, by Mrs. Bloomfield H. Moore. Chapters VIII., IX.
THE NEMESIS OF LOVE; by Clementine Montague,—Chapter LIII., LIV.
CARQUE AND GLOVE, by Hale Lewison—Chapters VI., VII., VIII.
OLD MARTIN'S WHIM; or, THE FATE OF TEARS, by C. Leon Gumpert. XII.
"ANONYMOUS CRITICISM."
FACETIÆ; by P. B. Doyle.
LADIES' DEPARTMENT.—Fashion Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.
THE REVIEWER.
SHORT STORIES.
OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.
SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.
EDITORIALS—SANCTUM CHAT—POETRY.
PERIODICITIES. FARM AND GARDEN.
ANSWERS TO INQUIRERS.
NEWS OF INTEREST.
MISCELLANY.

FIRESIDE CHAT contains seasonable recipes.

THE impetus which is now given to education is a good sign for the future prosperity of our people as a nation.

"THE newspaper is the great public teacher of the community," says a writer. This is true, and a weekly paper which mingles good fiction with good miscellany, sows the best and choicest seed.

SPEND the midsummer vacation in reading good books, good papers, and good periodicals. Subscribe for the POST, and get the twin premiums; and read all the wealth of miscellany in our old established paper.

NEXT week we will give a biography of the author of "Unsettled Points of Etiquette," which has already appeared, in part, in "Woman's Words," (the March number) with an excellent portrait of this talented author, executed by the gifted young artist, Miss Emma Barber. Some errors of statement made in the biography, are corrected in this reprint of it.

To know how to dress stylishly, and at the same time comfortably, in these midsummer days is, indeed, the great desire of our lady readers, and of course they naturally consult, for such knowledge, the columns of FASHION CHAT, where they find exactly the rules and the reasons of the toilettes which are in vogue, and which they ought to adopt. There is no writer upon this subject of fashion who has so clearly taught the art of dressing well as the editor of this department of the POST. Her topic is perfectly understood and lucidly interpreted, and if our lady readers will observe the desire of the editor to impress upon our readers the necessity of originality in dress, they will learn most profitable lessons. The most piquant and taking styles are always the most original in design, and the editor of Fashion Chat keeps this in view constantly in her criticism of the prevailing modes.

WE can rest safely on the world's verdict respecting works of art and literature. No work of real merit ever appeared but what it soon became appreciated by the public, and its author grew to be famous. There are few things so much clamored for by the mass of readers in this great busy planet of ours, as original and first-class productions of genius in art, science and letters, and the man and woman who can create them, really benefits humanity. It is error to suppose that too many books, papers, and periodicals are published; on the contrary, the demand for them is greater than the supply, and no really live work of value ever yet failed. Thackeray was a long time trying to find a publisher for his "Vanity Fair." It was too original for sudden appreciation, but when it was once published, it made the author immortal, and is more read to-day than at the epoch in which it was published.

THE companion oleographs which we offer as premiums to our subscribers, are copies in oil colors of the original pictures of Thomas Moran, whose fame is well established throughout the world. The artist spent many months in preparing the sketches for his studies of the White Mountains and of the Yellowstone Valley for his grand paintings, and every detail of these creations is an exact copy from nature. In our oleographs of these pictures, nothing of the original touch of the artist's brush has been lost, whether as regards depth or the miniature of foreground. The White Mountains resembles Turner's grand compositions in effect of color, and our oleograph reproduces all the dash of that master. The Yellowstone picture, with its warm, sunny masses, might have been painted by Claude Lorraine, so superb is its atmospheric effect and sunset sky. These oleographs ought to be in every home. They are more than mere decorations—they are fine art studies.

VACATION.

At this season of the year when Nature compels a vacation, in fact, sends an invitation to everybody to attend to her teachings, and to learn the deep and delightful lessons she inculcates in the depths of her woods, and in the fastnesses of her solitary places, the human soul is quick to respond to this invitation and go forward armed with bag and basket, microscope, fishing-rod, gun, and sun-umbrella to penetrate the depths, to lose sight, for the nonce, of business, and of daily household routine, to picnic, to play croquet, and to dally away the delicious hours of summer time in a way which the Dryads might envy.

It is well that we have a summer season—the hotter the better. It compels us to break the conventional chains which have bound us so long, and to turn our eyes with spiritual insight into the mysteries of the great and glorious world of life which the season creates—a world which science takes pride in studying, a world which poetry incarnates in living music, a world in which even the common minds take at least rest and refreshment, a world in which Religion sees the goodness of the Great Creator.

Let us be merry and happy on this advent of summer. What has the thermometer to do with happiness? Now is the season when man, woman and child ought to make the festival copses adorned with the sweet and redolent flowers and blossoms, the holy aisles of the deep, dark woods and the edges of the "ever-laughing" sea, places of enchantment, where we are to be transformed into a Paradise of beauty, and where only low souls cannot see the glory, beauty and wonder of the Master hand. It is in such a spirit, a spirit which compels us to forget our petty cares, and carpings, and selfishness, and our love of greed, that we ought to go forth into the midst of Nature's high carnival, as to a banquet of the choicest viands. The actinic rays of the sun show us our true colors; we are better than we seem; there is some germ of the spark divine in every one of us, and as we romp, dance, sing in these fastnesses of Nature, as we rove, observant, from flower to flower, microscope in hand to study this and that bug or beetle, or butterfly, as we impart our ecstasy to each other, and even rhapsodize over the halcyon days which are upon us, we sing a harmonious hymn of praise to the most High for his glorious bounty to the children of men. Rest, recreation, change of scene, opportunity to study His works; these are the themes of our thanksgiving of the summer vacation.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THEY say Dickens was one of the finest correspondents of the age. His epistles are strong, flowing, nervous and incisive in style, as carefully indited as any of his literary works, yet wholly unaffected. He wrote the most sensible business letters and the finest lessons of argument and advice that we ever read. He went straight to the point and said what he had to say, sometimes in a quaintly humorous, sometimes in a grave and earnest, manner, but always logically and exhaustively.

A CAVE has been discovered in Kentucky which has been explored for a distance of twenty-three miles. A span of horses can easily be driven through it for a distance of eleven miles. There are three large rivers in this cave. One of them is navigable for a distance of fourteen miles. Several mummified remains have been discovered in one of the large rooms. They were reposing in stone coffins rudely constructed, and, from appearances, may have been in this cave for centuries. The cave is called the Grand Crystal Cave, and it is as beautiful as its name implies. Ladders and bridges are being constructed, and there is a small steamboat being made expressly to navigate its wonderful rivers.

AT the Porte St. Martin Theatre at Paris, in the play of "Around the World in Eighty Days," they have introduced a thrilling scene, which is somewhat of an innovation in the way of stage effect. Five lions rush about the stage in a menacing manner, and are quelled and conquered by a number of natives, who secure them within certain limits. Of course the audience is naturally nervous during this exciting scene, for the lions are real ones, and have apparent freedom. The tangled shrubs and vines, however, which rise all around the animals, are ingeniously made of painted cast iron, and really form a strong cage. It is said the effect of the scene is not only beautiful, but it is intensely thrilling.

ARTISTS owe a great deal to photography. It was long a mystery among them as to the action of a horse's feet during a trot, a canter, or a gallop. It appears that a new apparatus costing $2,000 has been successfully used in San Francisco to photograph a horse while trotting. A row of cameras was uncovered and covered by electricity, thus photographing the famous horse at successive points of his stride at a 2:25 gait. These pictures show that the feet were all off the ground together twice during the stride, notwithstanding the general belief of turfmen that a trotting horse always has one foot down while in action. They also upset accepted theories as to the shape of the fore leg when the foot touches the ground, for the horse is shown with the leg projecting at a considerable angle before him, as straight as an iron bar, with the heel in contact with the surface, and the toe not yet brought down.

SCIENCE has much to teach us, but its mission is not the last, nor the greatest. Inferring the future from the past, a time is to come when we shall cease to be dazzled with the thing we call progress, when increasing riches will cease to satisfy—nay, be found incapable of being produced or preserved, except when relegated to a secondary place; when the illusions which have stifled faith shall be burnt away, and the immortal part of it restored to its rightful sovereignty. A long, weary road may lie before us. Not easily will an inviolate atmosphere of reverence form again round spiritual faith to warn off the insolent intruder, and so the world moves into the old channels of devotion, and the emotional nature of man asserts itself supreme.

THE Salon of Paris, where the masterpieces of the best masters are exhibited, is said to possess such a searching light that poor pictures have no show at all, while good pictures show to the best advantage. In fact, all the painters in Europe use the strongest light possible in painting their pictures, and, therefore, the key of their works is very low. In other words, when they paint, on account of the vivid sunlight in their studios, they are compelled to use the deepest and lowest colors for shadows in order to, by contrast, intensify the lights; and that is called painting in a low key.

WHEN one considers furniture in regard to its comfort, a great deal may be said in its disfavor. Our chairs, for example, are monstrosities as far as comfort is concerned, and the enthusiasts in bric-a-brac wish to go back to the dark ages for specimens of their chairs of torture, straight backed, stiff, and preposterous. Such chairs are only fit to become the seats of unwelcome visitors, it might be ungenerously alleged. In order to compel them to feel uncomfortable enough to wish to be away, and cut their visits short. There is somewhat of an improvement at present in the style of furniture as adapted to the real comfort of the user, and the lounges and arm-chairs of the French cabinet-makers are not only marvels of beautiful art, but are really useful articles, for they are cosy in every sense of the word. Why not, especially during these torrid days, adopt the style of the Japanese and other Oriental nations, and use the floor of the room. They eat and sleep at a low level, and a tray serves for a table, a mat for a bed, and a block of wood for a pillow.

THE experience of those who use tobacco confirms the deductions of scientific experiment. It is a fact, which every one can observe for himself, that tobacco is a kind of substitute for food. It is the experience of nearly all tobacco users that it sustains the body and the mind. It appears to act both as a stimulant and as a narcotic. It thus combines, in a mild degree, the virtues of alcohol and opium. It varies, however, in its effects with different individuals and in different states of the system, fully as markedly as opium or alcohol, tea or coffee. For some it acts as a soother, quieting the mind after trial and fatigue, and calming the fretted, aching nerves. Others it stimulates to undertake hard tasks that require unusual courage, or strength of muscle and of will. Some take a cigar before retiring to insure speedy and refreshing sleep; others to keep them awake in long nightly vigils. To many an early morning smoke is an almost indispensable preparation for the duties of the day; others take up their pipe or quid only at evening, as a means of rest, when their tasks are all over.

THE experiment of trying Behring's Straits as a way towards the North Pole, is to be put into practical effect by Mr. Bennett, who has purchased the Pandora, which vessel he has christened the Jeannette, for an Arctic voyage in 1879. The vessel will start from San Francisco, and sail northward, with a complete staff of officers, and will attempt to reach the mysterious Wrangell, or Kellett's Land. This is a new nut for navigators to crack—a dim Ultima Thule for future adventures, and if Bennett discovers it, he will benefit the science of geography as much as he did by his efforts to penetrate Africa by the agency of Stanley. This mystic land away in the far North, Deschneff saw two centuries ago; then Wrangell tried to reach it, and the Siberians told him that on clear days its mountains could be seen from Cape Jakan. It is even said that some natives attempted to reach this "No Man's Land," but, as might be expected, never returned to tell the tale. Kellett, however, caught glimpses of it in 1840, and in 1867 several American whalers approached within twenty miles of it, but could not land on account of the broken ice.

THE myth of the tortoise is one of the world-wide myths which has been a part of folk lore for ages. The Hindu notion of a great tortoise that lies beneath the earth and keeps it from falling, is probably familiar to every reader. This tortoise, swimming in the primeval ocean, bears the earth on his back; but by and by, when the gods get ready to destroy mankind, the tortoise will grow weary and sink under his load, and then the earth will be overwhelmed by a deluge. In the original conception, the world is itself a gigantic tortoise swimming in a boundless ocean. Many tribes of Indians hold the same theory of the universe. They regard the tortoise as the symbol of the world, and address it as the mother of mankind. Once, before the earth was made, the king of heaven quarreled with his wife, and gave her such a terrible kick that she fell down into the sea. Fortunately a tortoise received her on his back, and proceeded to raise up the earth, upon which the heavenly woman became the mother of mankind. In Finnish mythology the world is not a tortoise, but it is an egg, of which the white part is the ocean, the yolk is the earth, and the arched shell is the sky. In India this is the mundane egg of Brahma; and it reappears among the Yorubas as a pair of calabashes put together like oyster shells, one making a dome over the other.

ANONYMOUS CRITICISM.—X.

ARRANGED BY MRS. H. O. WARD.

MENDICANT AND MALICIOUS CRITICISM.

"And God said to Jonah, Doest thou well to be angry? And he said, I do well to be angry, even unto death."—Jonah 4, 9.

Three years since, Prof. Homer B. Sprague's book, "Masterpieces in English Literature," was, as the compiler has already stated, viciously assaulted by a reviewer in *The Nation*. The high character of Prof. Sprague's work is too well established to need any eomium here. Its value in the study of English literature has been warmly endorsed by the most eminent men among our college presidents and leading literary authorities. Prof. Sprague prepared an answer, but *The Nation* refused to admit it in its columns.

It is true that journals of higher reputation than *The Nation* possesses for consistency, conscientiousness and justice, cannot always avoid being imposed upon; and imposition is, perhaps, most apt to be practiced in the very field which *The Nation* makes a specialty, namely, book reviewing, says a contemporary journal.

One reviewer supposes that his own erudition will be measured by the amount of abuse heaped upon the volume he is treating. A second is goaded by professional (or private) jealousy and envy, and improves the opportunity to stab some author who has gone forward in the world, while he has gone backward. A third has perhaps been offended because his (or her) begging request for a new book has not been complied with; he borrows a copy and endeavors to punish the publisher over the author's shoulders. A fourth, troubled with chronic impecuniosity, borrows money of a publisher, and in response to repeated demands for its return, assails his benefactor's publications from behind the cover of some journal to which he has contrived to obtain access." A noted case of this character occurs in this very *critique* referred to. That the sacred should have gained admittance to the columns of *The Nation* is not so much an occasion for surprise, as that *The Nation*, which once stood pre-eminent for fairness, should have classified itself with the journals already alluded to, as having flaunted their poverty of nature in the face of the world, by refusing to rectify an error and atone for an injustice.

An editor is always liable to mistake his man, or to give out work—from pure charity—to stop the mouth of some clamorous applicant for bread money; but an editor who is a gentleman (and a man cannot be a *gentleman* unless he is a man of honor,) likes to see fair play; and he must acknowledge his error and atone for it, as far as possible, where the consequences are of such a nature as to injure another in any way. This he must do in order to maintain his self-respect and that due respect for the rights of others which self-respect confers.

The mendicant or malicious reviewer, then, is not so much to blame (for he possesses no claim to the title of a gentleman,) as is the editor who refuses the author an opportunity to correct the false statements which some reviewer has made under his mask of an Anonym.

How can an editor who has any claims to be considered a gentleman, permit so palpable an injustice, as that committed upon Prof. Sprague, to remain unrectified? Journals, like individuals, have their characters to maintain, and what confidence can any discerning reader of *The Nation* feel in its judgments of books after such an expose of the malicious criticism as that which Prof. Sprague's book elicted in its columns?

The same reviewer, it is said, wrote an equally maddening and contemptible review which appeared in *The Cornell*. Did the editor of that magazine follow the unworthy course of *The Nation's* editor and refuse Prof. Sprague's answer? By no means. The editor of *The Cornell* review represents that class of editors and men before alluded to, who are gentlemen in all the relations of life; men who, when convinced they are in the wrong, do not hesitate to say so.

"I have never known but one person in my life who was always right," said a well-known French woman, "and that one is myself." Can it be that *The Nation's* editor holds the same opinion of himself—that he is infallible?

The New York journal that published Prof. Sprague's rejected rejoinder remarked, "We leave the readers to determine whether, with his barbed pen, he has impaled his traducer and established his right to be heard in *The Nation's* columns."

Feeling, as the compiler does, that where criticism is anonymous the reviewer of a book is entitled to no more consideration than the anonymous letter writer, she prefers to deal with the effect of such reviews, as that of Prof. Sprague's book, on the character of the journal in which it appears, than with the reviewer himself.

What is the standing of *The Nation* now, compared with its position a few years back, solely in reference to its competency and reliability as an authority in "its special field of labor," as given above—that of reviewing books.

Formerly there was not one dissenting voice as to its position in the foremost ranks of journalism. "*Discriminating, just, reliable,*" was the unvarying verdict.

How is it now? "Destructive, capricious, arbitrary, and I do not think, as a general thing, it has much influence over the reading public," says one of our most impartial editors. "Brutal and arrogant," says another. A third states, "*The Nation* has lost its *prestige*." A fourth writes, "*The Nation* seems incapable of such a thing as honest enthusiasm, hearty and helpful praise." One of the oldest and ablest literary editors of our time has dubbed *The Nation* "The Ishmaelite of the press," adding, "a journal of which no one speaks well any longer." Another calls it "The Turveydrop of journalism."

All this change of opinion has come about through the carelessness of its editor in admitting dishonest reviews, and the false pride which led him to forget what, as a gentleman, was due from him to the reading public as well as the author. After having accepted and given publicity to unjust reviews, a refutation of the injustice was due to himself, as well as to the author and to the public.

In what respect does an editor differ from a slanderer and a scandal-monger, when he prostitutes his power to the use of slanderers; promulgating statements that without his aid could have no publicity? Surely, if "he who repeats a slander shares the crime," he who publishes slanders intensifies them, and makes himself the baser of the two when he refuses to do all that lies in his power to counteract the mischief which his want of discrimination has occasioned.

How narrow must be the policy of a journal that eschews justice, preferring to wrap itself in the cloak of infallibility, a cloak which (wear it as you may) cannot conceal the long ears of the donkey who sports it.

Equally narrow must be the vision of the editor, if not as morally oblique as Prof. Sprague proved the sight of his reviewer to be, who fancies that the average reader cannot discriminate between justice tempered with mercy, and injustice tempered with malice?

A London journalist speaking of one of the book notices in *The Nation* not very long ago, said, "It is not a review, nor yet is it a criticism; it bears the marks of having been written to serve some private end. It will not influence the reader in the slightest degree."

Of a review that appeared the same week in Bryant's paper, *The Evening Post*, he said, "Here is an honest review of the book—fair, candid, manly, as a review should be. I differ from the reviewer, however, for I think it a fault and not a virtue, that a novel should be written for a purpose or an end, other than the amusement of its readers."

Let editors drop their cloaks of infallibility, let reviewers cease to emulate the unutterable meanness of anonymous letter writers, and let authors receive all worthy criticisms (that deal only with the subject matter, and style of the composition,) as wholesome and salutary, no matter how severe; then a better order of things will soon prevail in the world of literature, and it will be rid of its masked assassins.

The critic who accuses an author of "pretentiousness," of "intolerable flippancy," calling a book "scandalous" even, must make clear to the reader in what its scandalous nature consists, and he owes it to the author as well to convict him of the "pretentiousness" and "flippancy" that the criticism charges him with.

Again, the critic who asserts "vulgarity" in a work must strengthen his assertion by true and just examples, not by twisting and distorting isolated incidents. The reviewer who brings a charge of immoral teachings must cite accurate scenes from the book he is reviewing, not invented ones. He must make no assertions that he has not time to prove; he must not take the opinion of another critic on which to base his praise or his censure; and where he has more books to review than he can possibly read, he must be especially careful in pronouncing upon the drift of the moral teachings.

Above all let no editor give any review a place in the columns of his journal without appending the name of the reviewer, any sooner than he would give publicity to an anonymous letter.

Not until a millennium for authors arrives can we hope to have *all* editors unite in such a movement. In the meantime, let readers confer their patronage upon journals that have already taken this stand; a stand which, as has been asserted, will in the end be of as much benefit to reviewers themselves as to authors.

Every honest reviewer has it in his power to make his reviews sought for, spoken of, and depended upon for their reliability. Let reviewers show close comprehension of an author's aims, avoid all approaches to misrepresentation, all evidence of *animus malit* to authors personally, and then not even Richter, were he on earth again, could have the heart to deny them the universal love which he devoted "to all, men and beasts *except reviewers*;" nor could any second Anerperg leave behind him such denunciatory verses as those which once flowed from his pen when he took the unjust censor for his theme:

"Yes! thou art a stock-blind Hebrew!
For thou hast not yet divined,
That for us, like Christ all glorious,
Rose too—freedom of the mind!
Yes, thou art a bloody murderer!
Doubly curst and doubly fell;
Others merely murder bodies,
Thou dost murder souls as well!

Yes, thou art a thief, a base one!
Or, by heaven! a fouler wight!
Others, to steal fruits, do merely
Leap our garden fences by night.
But thou, wretch! into the gardens
Of the human mind hast broke;
And with fruit, and leaf, and blossom,
Fell'st the tree too at a stroke!

Yes, thou art a foul blasphemer!
Or, by heaven! a devil born!
Others wood and marble figures
Dash to pieces in their scorn.
But thy hand, relentless villain!
Strikes to dust the living frame,
Which man's soul, God's holy image,
Quickens with its thoughts of flame.

Yes, thou art a wretched sinner!
True, our laws yet leave thee free;
But within thy soul in terror,
Rack and gallows must thou see.
Smite thy breast then in contrition,
Thy bowed head strew ashes o'er;
Bend thy knee—make full confession—
'Go thy way and sin no more!'"

—From the German of Auersperg.

With this number the compiler closes her articles on "Anonymous Criticism," hoping that not altogether in vain has she endeavored to be the means of helping authors to command in future a just acknowledgement of the motives and aims of their works, even though the honest critic be compelled to deny them all literary merit.

We have seen how editors who instruct the critics in their employ not to write dull book notices, but to make their papers witty, have accepted flippancy for wit, and false statements for facts, doing the greatest injustice to the books and sometimes smirching the character of the authors in the opinion of the public. We have also seen how seriously a journal may be injured in public estimation by the refusal of its editor to make that restitution which readers as well as authors demand when they possess a sense of justice.

The paper "How Book Notices are Written" has taken us behind the scenes, and revealed some of the modes of the reviewer which are calculated to throw light upon base and hostile reviews; and the paper on "Contradictory Criticism" confirms the assertion of Matheson, with which the compiler started, namely, that "there is no such thing as a science of criticism—that there are no such universally recognized canons of critical art as will enable any two writers of different mental organization, and different education and opinions, to arrive at the same decision regarding a literary work; and, therefore, that criticism is *nothing more* nor less than the method by which the critic reveals, not the characteristics of the author criticised, but those of himself."

Bearing this truth in mind, let the critic who reads this paper remember these lines from one of America's truest poets:

"Whatever hath been written shall remain,
Nor be erased, nor written o'er again;
The unwritten only still belongs to thee.
Take heed, and ponder well what that shall be!"

A SPANISH BULL-FIGHTER.—A Spanish soldier, we are told, will fight a week on an empty stomach, if he can look forward to playing his guitar on the seventh day. In his country, if a bull intended for the fight falls ill, the animal is sent to an infirmary. The chief toreador at present, Frascuelo, has a fortune of $400,000; his combat costume represents $20,000 in diamonds alone; he is courted by the highest society in Madrid, is a member of the chief aristocratic club; yet his wife is a fishmonger's daughter, and still helps her mother in the market. On days when her husband performs, she sits at her balcony with her children, to receive couriers, who come on horseback, waving a white ring as a sign of success in the arena.

REMARKABLE CASE OF HYDROPHOBIA.—In the last number of the *Medical Times* there is recorded a wonderful case of hydrophobia. The victim, a young man of twenty-four, had not been bitten at all, and when the disease manifested itself he supposed he was suffering from a sore throat resulting from exposure to cold. Thus imagination could not have caused it, nor could it be called ordinary tetanus or lock-jaw, produced by a wound, though some medical men insist that all cases of hydrophobia can be accounted for in this manner. On inquiry it was discovered that the young man had been nursing a sick dog, whose saliva had often covered his hands. The attack was well marked, and terminated fatally in 18 hours.

Wisdom is an acquisition purchased in proportion to the disappointments which our frailties have entailed upon us; for few are taught by the sufferings of others.

Instinct and Reason in Animals.

The races of animals which stand highest in intelligence are the monkeys and carnivorous animals; next the thick-skinned pachydermata, such as the elephant; afterwards, those that chew the cud, comprising the docile and familiar cattle of the fields; next the rodentia or gnawing animals, as the squirrel, the beaver and the hare, which, except in a few instances, have not sufficient intelligence to recognize the hand that feeds them. In the ruminants the intelligence is very limited, and the phrase "sheepish" justly implies obtuseness of intellect. Cattle frequently fail to recognize their masters, when they happen to have changed their dress. A buffalo in the Garden of Plants, in Paris, was extremely docile to its keeper, until one day he ventured near it in a dress different from his accustomed one, when the beast ran furiously at him, and he saved himself with difficulty; but having resumed his ordinary apparel, the animal immediately became submissive.

In the lower order of animals all traces of intelligence seem to disappear, and instead there is a wonderful instinct which directs all their actions, although some insects appear to possess a power of judgment which is independent of instinct, as the burying sylphs, which, to reach a dead animal fastened on the top of a stick, bring it to the ground by undermining the stick. Mr. Turner gives an instance of an ant which he saw drawing a straw from her nest, which she alternately pushed, sidled, dragged or wriggled according as the grass obstructed her or the level ground favored her exertions. Dr. Darwin relates how a wasp carrying the body of a fly found the pressure of the breeze upon the fly's wings too great for her strength, when she descended, cut off the wings with her mandibles, and flew away with the body. Reaumur describes a sphex cutting away the legs of a cockroach that was too big for its hole.

Here are instances which inevitably imply something more than instinctive impulse, and which exhibit the working of a principle akin to that which guides our own feet, and gives us purpose and energy and character. It is instinct which impels the swallow to migrate—instinct which with mysterious finger points the eye of the helpless nutteror to the luxurious swamps of Africa; where food may be found in plenty, when winter has locked up the forests of its home and cast to earth the winged dust of their summer atmosphere. It is instinct too which brings it back unerringly to its native climes; but it is something higher that leads it to the same nest in which it reared its former brood, which teaches it to adjust that nest to new circumstances of exposure or shelter, and which prompts it to bury alive in a mausoleum of clay, an untilled tenant, or sparrow, which has usurped the occupation of its nest.

These deviations from instinctive action, observed so frequently in the lower animals, are at the same time the most entertaining, and the most conclusive on the point of the possession of intellect. Mr. Blythe relates the story of a fox who personated a defunct carcase when surprised one day in a hen house, and played the part so well as to suffer himself to be taken by the heels and cast upon a dunghill, when carefully opening an eye and seeing the coast clear, he took to his heels and escaped, leaving his human dupe to speculate on the artistic perfection of the performance. Several instances are on record where the animal has "played dead man" and has submitted to be carried more than a mile, till at length, getting tired of his uncomfortable position, or reasoning that escape was both possible and desirable, he has suddenly effected it by a vigorous snap at the hand which held him. Cats have been known to feign dead on a grass plot while swallows were skimming across it, and by this stratagem succeed in capturing some unfortunate bird who chanced to come too near.

There is a notorious instance on record of a dog which, slipping its collar at night, worried sheep in adjoining fields, and afterward washing its jaws in a stream, returned home, readjusted its collar, and keeping within his kennel, threw off suspicion. Here we have not only impulse, but also a multiplicity of actions arising from inward power and intelligence, unaccompanied by perception or the operation of any outward agency. An orang-outang in Paris, when left alone, always tried to escape, and as he could not reach the lock of the door, he carried a stool to the spot, which being removed, he got another, and mounting it renewed his efforts. Reason alone could have prompted this act, and besides, there must have been a combination of ideas to enable it to get a stool to assist it in opening the door—to copy what it had seen its master do, undo the fastening, and move a stool about as he wanted it.

Pritchard says that the Calmucks can tell, by their sense of smell, whether a fox is in his earth or not; and the Bedouins of the desert ascertain by placing one ear on the sand the approach of a caravan, though it may be then at a distance of many leagues. But even this acuteness of sense in man is as nothing when compared with the fact that without eyes or apertures for the admission of light, the polypus distinguishes the animalculæ on which it feeds, or that bats will thread their way accurately through innumerable meshes and complicated threads even after their eyes have been put out. Camels passing through a desert can scent water at a distance of two or three miles; the mules in South America can scent it at a distance of two or three leagues. The carrier-horses of Switzerland hear the fall of an avalanche, and warn their masters of the impending danger. The dog, alive to the merest rustle, distinguishes between a familiar footstep and that of intrusion, however distant. It is related of a dog that in the dead of night he heard a cry, and flying to the spot succeeded in rescuing his master from a pond into which he had fallen from intoxication. In this case the distance was so great that the dog can only be supposed to have become aware of his master's position by the earth acting as a conductor of sound; but yet there is the remarkable perception that enabled the animal to recognize his master's voice, or at least to distinguish the nature of the cry.

So far, the animal has precedence of the man, sense beginning and ending with its exercise. In man, sensation is made subservient to thought, and a fainter impression becomes material out of which he elaborates new systems of science, new codes of morals and new relations of matter and spirit. In the animal the mental exercise, where it is even vivid, is still confined, limited, and subservient to but one end. The dog remembers his master and the members of the family after the lapse of many years, and it is perhaps owing to the absence of mental sequence, the comparative negation of any connected process of thought, which gives him that tenacity of memory and extraordinary perfection of the senses—according to the old law, that power being checked in one direction will develop itself in another. Mr. Brockedon cites the history of a famous dog at Lauzelsbourg, which had thrice been sold and carried away, but each time returned, the first time about two hundred miles, the second five hundred, and the third a greater distance still.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—A novel application of the electric light is proposed by Prof. Edison. His plan is to make a diminutive light apparatus, and inclose it in a glass globe of such size as to be easily swallowed. He will connect it with a suitable battery, and he expects to be able to witness the process of digestion, and to see with more or less distinctness the operations of the internal organs.

A BATTLE-CRY.

"I pity, I forgive, I forget."—Louis XVIII.

You ask me whence the armor came
That steeled me through those days to live?
He sent it, who has taught me since
To pity and forgive.

You ask me how I bore the Cross
Ere crown of recompense was set?
I like not to recall those hours—
Would that I could forget.

You tell me, now I know my friends
I know them all, dear love, before;
The phalanx never broke nor swayed
That Friendship's banner bore.

You tell me that henceforth my life
Is freed from Envy's vengeful eye;
Believe it not: till heaven is gained,
Her arrows still will fly.

But yet one word for you I have:
This armor that's around me wrought
Not only keeps her shafts from me,
But makes them all as naught.

Draw as she may her monstrous bow,
With poisoned arrows barely set,
They cannot pierce the mail I wear,
Since now I pity and forget.

—By the author of "Unsettled Points of Etiquette."

CASQUE AND GLOVE

By Hale Lewison.

CHAPTER VI.—[CONTINUED.]

A SURRENDER AND A DEVIANCE.

When Hombert informed Mrs. Gardnill of the new relations between himself and Nell, that lady ended a frank conversation with these words:

"Mr. Hombert, I think your mother-in-law will be partial to you."

Next morning Mrs. Gardnill, a light sleeper, was awakened at early dawn by footsteps outside her chamber door. She knew Nell's step.

"Nell!" she called.

"Yes, mother," the girl answered, pausing.

"What are you doing, up so early? It is barely daylight!"

"I want to see the sun rise on this day, mother!"

On this day! the first day of the new life, the happiness which she had said was never to be hers!

She passed on out of the house.

On this day! Surely the sun must rise brighter than before, to signalize the first day she could remember when she had really lived; lived free from any cloud or blight; lived an undisputed heir to every joy that belongs to woman, all her hopes and aspirations and gentle fears; lived—yes, as a Rachel might live, for was not she too chosen? Chosen, and by a man to be admired of all women—comely and stout of limb, and stouter of heart, fearless of men, but trembling like a girl beneath her disfavor last night!

On this day! She felt like a goddess, and wished she were one, for his sake. Surely everything must be brighter and kinder! Such a quick awakening as it was from her long despair! But it was his words that did it!—his words, that might almost have persuaded the trees and stones!

On this day! It must be a grand, sweet, generous, flooding sunrise on this day of days!

Alas! that there should be a cloud at such a time and on such a joyous, full woman's heart.

But the cloud came. It was Leela, stepping out suddenly into the path before the girl.

With a sharp pang, Nell saw the tawny half-breed standing silent in the way until she should come up. This was the woman who had deepened every dark shadow on the girl's life. She seemed to Nell at this moment to be the embodiment of all the dread philosophy which John, for her sake, had overthrown.

"Comin' for a walk, a'n't ye?" asked Leela confidently, as if expecting no contradiction.

The sudden aversion was strong upon the girl, and she answered shortly:

"No!"

Leela looked at her closely and suspiciously, and seemed to half guess the truth.

"Hombert was here last night!" Leela exclaimed insolently.

"Mr. Hombert was here," Nell responded with emphasis.

"I don't 'Mr.' him!" declared Leela, in her worst temper.

"You are ill-natured and ill-mannered!" retorted Nell. "I want no more to do with you!"

"I'm gettin' thanks now for what I've been fool enough to do!" said Leela with bitter anger.

"Thanks! What should I thank you for? You told me all men were alike—no more hearts than brutes. It was a lie, but you made me believe it! I know it was a lie, for I have found a man who is not so!"

With these proud words, Nell turned to go back.

"Wait!" cried Leela. "Hombert's the man! You take him and throw me off! There's many a day you'll repent it before the day he throws you off! Hombert's the man!"

"Yes, and I'm going to marry him!" was Nell's defiance as she sped on toward the house.

From that morning Leela was seen no more about the Gardnill home. But she told Jeck of the marriage in prospect, and became more importunate than ever about the inheritance he had promised. With the power that would give, she thought, she could yet defeat her rival. Aye! even though he had married the girl, she would take her from him!

On the whole, Jeck thought it was as well that Leela had left the Gardnills, for now there was less danger of her discovering that she and Nell claimed the same father. The effect of such a discovery was a little doubtful, in the lawyer's mind; but he greatly feared that the half-breed would do one of two things—either summarily abandon her claim, or do some sudden violence, as her white or her Indian blood got control. But either course would effectually remove the half breed from Mr. Jeck's collection of tools. On the whole, therefore, he was glad that she had separated from the Gardnills.

CHAPTER VII.

HOMBERT AND JEEK FACE TO FACE AGAIN.

Mr. Jeck resolved to make one more effort upon the Gardnills before abandoning that line and risking his whole scheme on the claim to be set up in Leela's name. He believed a fair case might be made of the latter claim, but he foresaw that it might encounter unusual opposition. It was not the family of William Rollick alone that would be affected if the old Indian marriages were to be held good. Scores of people throughout that section would find a taint thereby put upon them; for the custom of entering into these marriages, and forgetting both the relation and the Indian wife upon return to the older settlements, was common enough among the frontiersmen.

Therefore, Jeck concluded to move once more, in the hope of arresting, at this late stage, the interference of John Hombert by marriage with Nell, and of getting control of the latter in some way. He had overhauled his assortment of weapons, but could find none more likely to serve his purpose than the one he had used so effectually upon Gardnill.

There was a tender spot in Gardnill's heart—the spot in which was the image of his only child—a boy long dead. The memory of this boy was the one sacred thing left to him in all the wreck of his life, and to disgrace the mother seemed like attacking the dead child.

This was the menace that humbled Gardnill—to set up the Indian marriage as invalidating Mrs. Gardnill's union with Rollick. Would it not be at least equally effective with the mother? Jeck determined to ascertain.

In this new enterprise Gardnill was to be used. He had sunk rapidly since his signal failure in the attempt upon his wife. The little pride he had, seemed to have been destroyed by the cold scorn he encountered in that venture, and his evil habits, being meanwhile greatly indulged, further sapped his strength.

But he was more pliable than ever, of course, and that was all Jeck required. For Gardnill was not to be sent alone this time; Jeck was going with him.

In accordance with this plan, Jeck arrived in Millfield one morning, having with him Gardnill, more like a senseless tool than ever.

They proceeded direct to Mrs. Gardnill's house. That lady herself opened the door to them, and started in surprise. She had never seen Jeck, but she divined instantly that he was the companion of her husband at the time Nell was beset and frightened.

"Good morning," said Gardnill with a thick voice. "I've come home, ye see, and brought my friend, Mr ——"

"This is no home of yours!" exclaimed Mrs. Gardnill, partially closing the door as the two men moved to go in. "I forbid you to enter this house!"

"Gardnill," said Jeck coolly, "as your legal adviser, I tell you that you have a right to enter."

Mrs. Gardnill for a moment was awed by the reference to legal rights. In that instant Jeck had pushed Gardnill in, and followed him.

They went into the parlor and sat down, Mrs. Gardnill following, silent and watchful.

"Gardnill, you'd better tell the lady your intentions," Jeck prompted.

Gardnill, in obedience to this command and without looking at his wife, said:

"We're going to be here some time. I'm going to live here most of the time after this, and Mr. Jeck will be with me."

No answer from the watchful woman.

"Gardnill," Jeck said again, "as your legal adviser, I tell you that you have every right here—to regulate the affairs of this house as you please—to say who shall be visitors here—to be master here, in short."

Mrs. Gardnill now saw the full extent of the outrage upon her, and her helplessness. She was ready to treat.

"I will not waste words with you," she said, ignoring the tool and speaking to Jeck. "What do you require as the price of leaving this house?"

"Answer her, Jeck," Gardnill said, as if he had been spoken to.

"As my client instructs me, madam," the lawyer began, "I will say that he desires to be received as the head of this family; to——"

"Stop, sir!" exclaimed the lady. "You are wasting time. I am not to be deceived! What is your price for going?"

"Madam, you are sarcastic. My client has no 'price for going,' as you call it. He wants only his rights."

"What is your price?" she demanded imperiously.

"Well," retorted the coarse villain insolently, "stick to that word, if you choose. As to what my client desires, why, he wants his rights as the head of this family. I might mention a great many particulars. For instance, I have advised him that he should exercise some control over a young lady here, who has lately injured herself for want of such control. He should be formally chosen her guardian, in order that——"

"Never!" cried Mrs. Gardnill—"Never! never! I refuse the terms! I do not know what is at the bottom of this, but my child shall never go under your control!"

"Suppose I show you what is at the bottom of it!" Jeck suggested, coolly taking a paper from his pocket. "This is what is at the bottom of it. Perhaps you'll agree that my client, or anybody else who can stop that thing effectually, ought to be the guardian of your child. As her guardian, but not otherwise, my client could stop this, forever."

Mrs. Gardnill took the paper. It was a brief statement of the claim of Rollick's Indian marriage, and that that marriage was his only legal one. Nothing about Leela; nothing of any inheritance; nothing but the allegations which threatened Mrs. Gardnill's first marriage.

The lady read the threat, and fell to the floor senseless.

Jeck seized the paper, and commanded Gardnill:

"Call somebody! She's fainted!"

Nell came and applied restoratives. She was full of dread as she recognized the two men who had beset and threatened her not long before.

Mrs. Gardnill opened her eyes.

"Take me away!" she cried faintly. "Let me be alone!"

"Will you be good enough to withdraw?" Nell asked of the men.

"No! no!" exclaimed the mother in terror. "Let them stay! Don't speak to them! But help me out and close the door!"

When Nell and her mother had left the room, Jeck said complacently, congratulating himself on his prowess:

"I generally bring 'em down, Gardnill! There a'n't so much nonsense about her now as there was a few minutes ago."

Jeck and his tool were left alone in the parlor. The lawyer could devise no new movement just at the time. When a woman goes off dead faint like that, Jeck admitted, she gets the advantage of you, and you've just got to wait till she's ready to come to. But remaining in the house with nothing to do was extremely dull. Half an hour's trial of this decided Jeck in favor of seeking some more congenial place in which to spend the time before Mrs. Gardnill should "come to." By night, he imagined, she would be in a fit condition for further operations. Meantime they would go into the town.

In all this, did no compunction for an instant rouse the seared conscience of the villain? No; not for a single instant. From first to last, there was no more pity in his breast than the slimy serpent feels for the bird dragged into his hideous jaws.

There was nobody but the old grandmother to be seen in the house, Nell and her mother having retired to Mrs. Gardnill's chamber. To grandmother, then, by direction of Jeck, Gardnill announced that they would return for the night in time for tea, and would expect proper accommodations to be in readiness. Grandmother received the information without so much as looking up.

When Mrs. Gardnill knew they were gone, and heard the message they left, she sat for a long time in painful thought. To Nell's repeated inquiries about the business of the two men, the mother at last made answer:

"My poor child, do not ask me! I cannot tell you! I can scarcely realize that what has passed was real, and not a frightful dream!"

"Did they threaten you as they did me, mother?"

"As they did you!" Mrs. Gardnill cried with a startled look, and then added: "No, they could not have threatened you with that! But I do not know—I do not know what they may!"

Nell was terrified by the sight of her mother's deep distress, but she forbore further questioning.

"Mother," she said at length, "let me telegraph to John. He would come up by the next train, and——"

"Not for the world!" cried Mrs. Gardnill. "I shudder to think what might happen if he and those men were to meet here!"

She was silent for a moment, and then exclaimed:

"Nell, have you faith in your lover?"

"Mother!"

"Because, if you have, strengthen it; if you have not, pray for it and for him! Pray that his heart may be truer and better than ever a woman won before!"

Nell began to sob in alarm, and the mother went on:

"For I must inform him fully! It is right that he should know."

Nell looked up at this with a new light in her eyes.

"Mother, I am not a child!" she cried with some impatience. "I do not ask you what this thing is, that you must not tell me, but must tell John. But this I have a right to know: Will it separate us?"

"God knows, my poor child! Unless the man be——"

"Does it depend wholly upon him?"

"Yes."

"Then you may tell him what you will! You could not make him leave me!" exclaimed the girl proudly, with flashing eyes.

But the mother's troubled mind was already busy with a new difficulty.

"We must leave this house!" she said.

"When?" Nell asked.

"To-day! At once! I will not meet those men again; I will not have you meet them!"

Filled with new alarm by these reflections, Mrs. Gardnill roused herself to almost frantic energy in preparing for their departure. Grandmother was to remain, with a faithful servant girl to attend to her wants. Mrs. Gardnill and Nell were to go, to return they knew not when—never, the mother thought, until the house was secure from her husband and his keeper. They would go to Beech Grove, forty miles away, where they had friends, and could consider in peace what further steps should be taken.

The afternoon was half gone, and the final preparations were nearly complete, when Nell, looking out of an upper window, uttered a joyful cry.

There was John Hombert coming up the street, and raising his hat as he caught sight of the girl at the window.

Mrs. Gardnill paused in her work to look over her daughter's shoulder.

Then there was another cry—this time from the mother—a cry of fear and dismay.

Behind Hombert, Jeck and his tool were following. The girl had had no eyes for any but her lover. The mother had been quick to see the pursuing danger.

What would come of the apparently inevitable meeting of these parties in the house!

Mrs. Gardnill did not know that Hombert was aware of Jeck's connection with any affairs in which she was involved; still less could she have imagined that the two men had met. But she felt instinctively the strength of the natural antipathy that must exist between them, and she was full of indefinable dread as she thought of Hombert's high spirit. For she had received from the interview in the morning at least one distinct impression concerning Jeck's scheme—that it was directed against Hombert's relations with Nell.

Jeck had seen Hombert coming from the station, and instantly resolved to follow him and make Gardnill work out his revenge.

Full of apprehension, and with but a moment for thought, Mrs. Gardnill did the best her woman's tact enabled her.

"Stay here. And tell him nothing till I come!" stopping Nell as she was about descending to open the door to Hombert.

The girl turned back into the room, and Mrs. Gardnill went down to the door, where Hombert stood after ringing. She knew that Jeck and his tool were close at hand, but she hoped to prevent or postpone a meeting by sending Hombert without a word up to Nell, while she remained to admit the others.

But the cunning Jeck was not to be circumvented in that way. Thinking the entry into the house a critical point in his proceeding, the lawyer quickened his pace so as to reach the door-step just as Mrs. Gardnill was in the act of opening to Hombert.

The young man had heard rapid footsteps behind him as he rang the bell, and turning his head had recognized with a look of surprise and contempt the mean features of Jeck.

Mrs. Gardnill opened the door.

"Ah, Mr. Hombert," she said quickly, "go up stairs to Nell, please! Do not wait——"

She would have said a word more but at that instant Jeck thrust his accomplice in at the open door by Hombert's side.

"Well!" exclaimed the lawyer to Gardnill, as the latter, more stupefied than usual, was slow to speak the words he had been taught, "Well, have you anything to say in your own house?"

Gardnill turned his dull eyes on Hombert, and said:

"I forbid you this house, now and forever."

Hombert turned to pale and trembling Mrs. Gardnill. The proceeding was so strange that it had astonished rather than angered him.

"Who is this person?" he asked, pointing to Gardnill.

"He is her husband, and the master here!" exclaimed Jeck.

Mrs. Gardnill might have fallen but that Hombert caught her!

"As your legal adviser," said the impatient Jeck to his tool, "I tell you that you can eject this fellow—take him by the ear or nape of the neck—use any necessary force, and in the easiest way! He is an interloper, a trespasser, an outlaw here!"

This was bold insult, not the assertion of rights. Hombert's fingers tingled with yearning for the scoundrel's throat.

Startled by the loud voices, Nell appeared on the stairs, descending. Her step roused Mrs. Gardnill to a final effort. She felt the restrained anger trembling in Hombert's sustaining arm. In an instant there might be a revelation before Nell, or a conflict between the men.

"You may pitch him out like a dog!" Jeck cried, reveling in his triumph.

"Go!" cried Mrs. Gardnill, releasing herself from Hombert's support, and appealing to him. "Go! My friend—my truest friend—for my sake, for Nell's sake, go!"

Hombert was calmed in an instant.

"You do not fear?" he asked.

"Oh, no, no! Go!" she plead.

"For Nell's sake and yours!" he said.

He lifted his hat to Nell on the stairs, while she noted in his eyes the light she had learned to know, and then he turned and quitted the house without even a look at exulting Jeck.

Mrs. Gardnill fled up the stairs, taking Nell with her. There was no time yet for emotion. Her boy of all work was summoned from a window, and dispatched with a message to be delivered on the run; the run to be along the road after Hombert. The fleet-footed boy, overtaking Hombert, said to him that Mrs. Gardnill hoped to see him in an hour at the house of her friend, Mrs. Sandor, on Oak street.

Mrs. Gardnill and Nell were soon attired for walking, and left the house unperceived. Passing the parlor door, they heard Jeck upbraiding Gardnill for his tameness.

At the house of her friend, Mrs. Gardnill, first dismissing Nell, began her explanation to Hombert. When she came to speak of Jeck's threat, her pain and embarrassment were apparent, and he protested.

"You have a right to know it," she said.

"Then I waive the right!"

"I dare not keep it from you!" she persisted sadly.

"Does it concern you or Nell!"

"Both—God help my poor girl!"

"Is it true!"

"It—it may be—possible!"

"Have you never known of it before?"

"Never!" she sobbed, hiding her burning face.

"Very well! I refuse to hear it! Let us see how we are to rid you of this rascally lawyer," said Hombert, thus settling the painful point.

Some important steps were discussed and agreed upon then.

And Nell? Did she reward her knight for his forbearance in her behalf as she had for his first service? Ah! better—far better! For the one, she had ventured tearfully to kiss the hand that did it. For the later service, her reward was the whole fervent, proud affection of her heart, not expressed in words (what words could tell the half of it?), but told in a thousand little loving ways, that never were so loving in all the world before.

The later evening found Hombert and the ladies on the evening train, the latter to go on to Beech Grove.

Jeck and Gardnill remained at the house that night, discovering in the morning that their triumph was rather bare of tangible advantage.

Thereafter, grandmother, who knew nothing of Jeck's threat to Mrs. Gardnill, was unmolested.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FEMALE HEART IN GREAT COMMOTION.

The main step proposed by Hombert to Mrs. Gardnill in the conference at the friend's house in Beech Grove, was an early marriage of himself and Nell. He could make no satisfactory conjecture as to the objects of Jeck, whom he recognized as the real principal, and Gardnill as the tool. The lawyer had declared to Hombert, at the latter's office, that he was concerned with important interests which were in some way connected with Nell. Putting this with the hostile demonstration against him at Mrs. Gardnill's house, Hombert was reasonably certain that whatever scheme was on foot would be hindered, if not defeated by his proposed marriage.

This was much clearer to Hombert than to Mrs. Gardnill. No suspicion of the real motive of the lawyer entered her mind. The old Rollick estate in the East had been completely forgotten by her for years. The disfavor of the Rollick family had been so plainly marked that there was nothing but the most formal intercourse between them and Mrs. Gardnill after the death of her husband. None of the family came to attend the funeral ceremonies; but in the height of her grief the widow had received a letter from the administrator of the Rollick estate, giving, briefly, the provisions of the will. William Rollick was to receive during his life a share of the small income of the estate; and if he died leaving children, they were to share the estate with the other heirs. The administrator wrote to know if his information was correct that William Rollick left no children. The widow returned answer that he was correct—William Rollick had no children. But, when two-thirds of a year had elapsed after his death, Nell was born fatherless. All communication between the widowed mother and her late husband's family had ceased, and there was no reason to believe that they ever knew of a posthumous child, while on her part the widow married Gardnill a year after Nell's birth, and scarce remembered that she had ever been asked if Rollick left an heir to share in the Eastern property. At that time the estate consisted of a rather poor farm on the outskirts of a small city, and no one imagined that the city would grow until it absorbed the old farm and covered it with rows of stately buildings. This was Mr. Jeck's private "point," as he called it, and he never disclosed, even to his tool, how he became possessed of the information which set him to hunting for children of William Rollick; nor how, by picking up a bit here and there among the old settlers, he soon had Rollick's whole history, and was able to trace out his reputed Indian child, as well as his white family.

Mrs. Gardnill, in short, was quite in the dark as to the lawyer's scheme. The more she thought about it, the more she was puzzled. In no way could she reconcile Jeck's evident desire to get control of Nell, with his threat to prove an Indian marriage prior to, and standing as a bar, to her own union with Rollick. This threat, indeed, distressed her so much that she felt herself unable to calmly read her late experiences.

So far, however, as she could judge, Hombert's advice seemed good, and Mrs. Gardnill made no objection to the early marriage which he urged. After the marriage the young couple were to set up their own establishment at Hardston, and there Mrs. Gardnill was to make her home until it should be certain that no further interference was to be apprehended from Jeck.

The marriage, therefore, was arranged to take place within a few weeks of Mrs. Gardnill's arrival at Beech Grove. Nothing occurred to interfere, and the ceremony was duly celebrated.

With Hombert, the mere formality of the marriage service was not especially impressive. For better or worse, he declared before the world, he took this woman. But to himself he had long before declared that he would so take her; he had so declared, also, to her; and not even the sacred office of the church could bind him faster to the girl. His honor and his conscience were the weightiest bonds he knew.

With Nell it was very different. Although she gave her knight full faith, yet it was the woman's nature to strengthen, and fortify, and guard again, her place with him. Never before had the solemnities of this service seemed to her so sacred and profound; never before had she heard words so strong and satisfying. To her the ceremony was no mere form; it was real, vivid—almost painful reality; it was fulfillment instead of promise—the substance in place of the shadow; by it she was actually given to the man, and he to her, and a sense of this came upon her as strangely as if she had never looked forward to it.

After the ceremony, Nell was more silent and timid than before, during their journey to Hardston. Hombert was full of quiet happiness. As he looked upon the frail little wife beside him, and found a charm and an exquisite sense of possession in every band, and lock and braid of her hair, every fold of her drapery, every graceful contour of her person, every soft, low utterance, every clinging way so beautifully compounded of timidity and trust, he thought a thousand times that he would not have her frailties less, for did they not make her more precious?

But there were the still, deep waters. Some barks in Millfield were floating in shallower depths. Among them was the bark which bore the Female Heart—in other words, Mrs. Tossip.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Love Among the Roses.

BY A. L. S.

Letty—or as, after a year at a fashionable London boarding-school, she preferred to be called Letitia—Lindon was as pretty a girl as could be found in the whole circuit of the county of Yorkshire. She had lost her mother when she was but five years old.

Her father was a wealthy farmer, and though he was one of the old school, he recognized the fact that the education which was sufficient for a farmer's daughter fifty years ago must be greatly extended for his daughter.

So it came to pass that, after having exhausted all the stores of knowledge to be got at in the town of Richmond, near to which the Briers, Mr. Lindon's farm, was situated, Letitia was sent to complete her education to a fashionable school at Kensington.

She returned home a really accomplished young lady, and as little spoiled as could be expected, considering that her own beauty, talents, and vivacity, coupled with an exaggerated report of her father's wealth, had made her the most distinguished pupil in the school.

Her companions were mostly the daughters of rich merchants and professional men, but there were a few who could claim to be connected with the landed gentry.

Among them was Mabel Singleton, whose father was a Yorkshire squire, and his estate and mansion were about four miles distant from the Briers—quite a pleasant and friendly distance for the country, where maids, and matrons, too, lightly regard a four-mile walk.

Of course the young ladies both vowed eternal friendship.

Mabel was, however, a year younger than her friend, and, greatly to her discontent, was sentenced to spend another six months at school.

Letty was not in the least fastidious or fantastical.

That she fearlessly rode a beautiful bay mare that had been put in training for her, and was in at the death in the first fox hunt after she returned home, quite won her father's heart, and also the heart of a rich and dashing young farmer called Mark Freeling.

We have said that farmer Lindon was a little old-fashioned.

He was content with his highly respectable position for his daughter as well as himself, and didn't wish to see Letty marry above her own rank.

Highly delighted, therefore, was he when Mark Freeling sought his daughter's hand from him, with the damsel's own consent.

Now, though somewhat practical, Letty had had her dreams of some superfine young gentleman who was to make her his bride, and elevate her to a position above that of a farmer's wife.

It is probable that the cloud would never have risen on the bright sky of Mark Freeling's courtship but that Mabel Singleton returned home while it was in progress.

Mabel was a good-natured but very silly girl.

Immediately on her arrival home she sent for Letty to come and spend a week with her.

Mabel had a brother who was one of the most unprincipled and reckless youths alive, and his future inheritance had been heavily mortgaged to pay the gambling debts both on the race-course and at the card-table.

Consequent on the connections and pursuits of this young gentleman at the Singletons, there were gay and noble visitors, and balls, and picnics, and croquet parties, and archery meetings; and it happened that Mabel's really very pretty face charmed a young nobleman, one Lord Ellington Vere, who had a great deal of blue blood, and yellow gold, and white hands, and altogether more money than wit.

A dashing young baronet, Sir William Wildrake, had accompanied Lord Vere on his visit to Singleton Hall, and he was to stay to be best man at the wedding.

What had all this to do with Letty Lindon?

This much—that Mabel was very fond of her, and that she was at all the balls, picnics and boating excursions; that she was much admired, that Mark Freeling by no means got his fair share of her company, that she grew a little jealous of the fair prospects of her friend, positively envied her the magnificent jewels presented to her by Lord Vere, and certainly encouraged the attentions of Sir William Wildrake to herself.

Letty knew very well the libertine repute of Sir William Wildrake.

It did not secure her from listening to him, though. She had taken up with the foolish notion, common among women of no great delicacy of feeling, that a reformed rake makes the best husband.

To do her justice she never thought that the baronet's attentions pointed to aught but honorable marriage.

She was loitering in a solitary part of the grounds at Singleton Hall.

It was an old-fashioned garden on the verge of the park, attached to one of the lodges which had fallen into decay.

The wife of one of the keepers had been extravagantly fond of flowers, and there was a perfect wilderness of old-fashioned English flowers—lilies, pinks, sweet Williams, stock gillyflowers, and above all, roses.

So with her hat hanging on her arm, and with a pair of scissors she was cutting a large bunch of roses to take home with her.

The sunbeams were beginning to slope in the west, but dinner was not over at the hall, and Letty started in affected surprise when she heard a footstep alongside of her.

The intruder was no other than William Wildrake.

"Little tyrant!" he exclaimed, taking her hand with that mingled air of raillery and assurance which men of his class and so often irresistible with weak women; "do you pretend to be surprised? Did you not say last night that you would be here? Did you not know that I wanted an opportunity to plead my cause with you, Letty?"

"I do not know what cause you have to plead," said Letty. "You know, Sir William that I am engaged to a very estimable young man in my own station of life."

"An estimable young man!" said the baronet, with a sneer. "A clodhopping farmer."

"What can his love be to mine, which shall atone for all, and be none the less that it is not fettered with an odious tie?"

The bright hazel eyes of Letty flashed with a fire which could not have been that of love.

"Let go my hand, sir!" she exclaimed. "I now understand your base meaning. How dare you so insult me—how dare you?"

Sir William laughed and tried to retain her hand.

Then the spirited girl raised her hand and struck him across the face with a branch of roses.

The stalks bristled with sharp thorns, and the insolent libertine instantly let go his hold and stamped and stormed with rage and pain.

"A pest upon the peevish, prudish girl!" he cried; "she has cut me across the eyes. I shall be mocked and laughed at. I shall not be able to show my face for a week."

This was very true; the baronet's face was a mass of scratches, his handkerchief was dyed with blood; the rose thorns were very sharp.

Sir William Wildrake was not best man at his friend's wedding, for he left Singleton that very night without bidding farewell to any of its inmates.

As for Letty Lindon, she sped along the road in a state of terror, without her hat, from which she was only relieved by an unexpected encounter with Mark Freeling.

She told him at the time some unintelligible story of having been followed by a tramp. After they were married, she told him the truth, at which he laughed heartily, saying:

"Little wife, I should not think that after such an experience, Sir William Wildrake will ever again make Love Among the Roses."

FACETIÆ

"Getting the news"—Stealing a paper.

"Low Rents"—The holes in the knees of boys' trousers.

"An Engagement Ring"—A lot of match-making mammas.

To cut your poor relations "dead," don't mention them in your will.

The object of the changes in the weather is not always clear, but we can generally see the drift of a snow storm.

There is nothing, probably, that can shock the doings of the nimble sixpence, but twenty grains will make a penny wait.

To a certain extent it is wrong to say "boys will be boys." On the contrary, in the due order of time and things boys will be men.

Moonlight, as a rule, predominates in courtship, and the fact must be acknowledged that there is considerable moonshine in marriage.

The Jersey mosquitos, notwithstanding the depression, continue to present bills or draw draughts which their victims must submit to.

People who go to the country resorts in summer for sanitary reasons, look upon their visit and stay there as a sort of Board of Health.

A license is necessary, both in marriage and in selling liquors. This is because they are at first intoxicating, and afterwards likely to result in a fight.

Old fireplaces are coming into fashion, but it seems likely the style adopted by Lucifer somewhat previous to Adam, will have as little said in its favor as ever.

During the dog days, when rumors of sunstroke and hydrophobia are current, do not get worried or excited, but "keep cool." There is no time when it is so proper.

Cucumbers were invented a couple of centuries since, and from that time the medical and undertaking professions have been rapidly growing in wealth, influence and dignity.

It may be all very well to be particular as to who we show special courtesy to, but the man who is not willing to bow or dodge at the rapid approach of a brick, is lacking in the first and truest principles of politeness.

It is not altogether wrong to remark that when a fisherman in the tremendous excitement incident to a deceptive nibble, pulls up wildly and jabs the cruel barb into some part of his person, that he "does it on his own hook."

New reasons are arising every day that go to show woman's incapacity for public business. People who don't seem to know enough to be certain about their own ages, are hardly the class to trust with the destinies of a nation.

Now is the time to test the truth of the saying: "stolen fruit tastes the sweetest." Almost anywhere a suitable subject may be found in the small boy who has permitted the seductive green apple to confuse his sense of right and wrong.

Doctors often say that sleeplessness is a premonition of insanity, and these nights, when people get up and strike a light to search for 'em, it is certainly a fact the scared way they run about the pillows and crawl under the bed, makes 'em look as if they were insane.

YOU MAY ESCAPE all danger from attacks of Diarrhœa, Dysentery, or Cholera Morbus, by a little forethought in providing yourself with Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam, an old remedy and entirely safe.

A DECLARATION.

BY JAMES HUNTER MCCULLOCH.

A sweet sense of satisfied longing
The present finds filling the heart;
And thoughts of the past are fast thronging,
To thrill with their mystical art.
When love as a seed planted newly,
Had sank in the soil of my life,
To spring up in golden grain duly
Of a dear, loving wife.

The season of roses returning
Brings back unto memory the day
When the fire that was secretly burning
Burst forth as a flame naught could stay;
When first as a lover you let me
Slip in at your heart's open door;
Amazed at the welcome that met me,
Then your lover—now, more.

'Twas then, with love's light shed around you,
The greatest of prizes you seemed;
Yet after possessing I found you
Far greater than fancy had dreamed;
Though the glass that love looks through may flatter,
Giving fulness unto a mere trace,
Yet the early ideal's the latter,
As we stand face to face.

As the morning star drowns in the heaven
When the sunlight is flooding the sky,
So the faith in the love of you given,
By knowledge fulfilled can but die.
As a lover I told you the story,
Of my faith in your worth as a wife;
As your husband and lover I glory
In the choice of my life.

THE NEMESIS OF LOVE.

By Clementine Montagu.

AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," "JASPER ONSLOW'S WIFE," ETC.

CHAPTER LII.

THE FALLING OF THE SWORD.

Those who inflict must suffer, for they see
The work of their own hearts, and that must be
Our chastisement or recompense. —*Shelley.*

George Caterham was right when he told the Duke he could do nothing with Mark Douglas, or, to drop his assumed name now, with Bracy Burgoyne, for the wanderer was indeed the illfated owner of Ferndale Hollow.

He met him on board the ship before he stepped ashore, wan and emaciated from recent illness, and strove to soothe him, and induce him to do all that he had to do without any public scandal if possible.

"Write to her," he said. "Warn her; she is unprepared for your coming. It may kill her."

"Better if it does—better for every one if it does. You are very good, Mr. Caterham, but don't interfere in this matter. I owe my life to you; but for you I might have died when I fell like a maimed rat into the cellar at Ferndale. I think, knowing what I know now, that it would have been the wisest thing you could have done to have left me there."

"Can nothing be done? She may have sinned without knowing."

"May, but has not. George Caterham, you have a story to hear yet, and it shall be told you in her presence, so she may deny it if she can. You are a good man, but don't talk to me of any consideration for her, or any mercy for her, when she and I meet face to face. For every pang she has made me feel, her own heart shall be wrung tenfold. I would not lose an atom of my revenge to be sure of heaven to-morrow!"

A fearful light blazed in his eyes as he spoke, and his cheeks burned with excitement.

George Caterham felt a sick chill as he thought of the wreck illness and mental agony had made of the kindly, largehearted Bracy Burgoyne.

"I'm not the besotted idiot I was," he went on; "I can see now the shallow heartedness of the woman I thought loved me. I don't blame the man, who married her in all honesty, thinking she was free—he will suffer enough. Truly in this case, 'the sins of the fathers shall be visited on the children.' The curse of his house clings to him; but for her—curse her!"

He ground an imprecation between his teeth so bitter that his listener shuddered to hear it.

"It's no use, Mr. Caterham," he said; "nothing can move me; let me go my way. Warn the Duke if you will, but don't meddle with her. She would take no warning if it was given. She would laugh in your face most likely, and say you were mad! I shall take means to guard against such an accusation myself."

George Caterham saw it was no use, and left him, and he went straight to his lawyer's office.

"The time has come, Marsham," he said, after the first greetings had passed between them; "you must stand by me now. Come with me to the house."

"I would rather not, Mr. Burgoyne," the lawyer said. "I have been averse to this secrecy from the first, as you know. Mrs. Burgoyne should have been found and communicated with."

"Yet you helped to bury me, you know. You went to my funeral in a hatband and weepers."

"I did; it was a false step. I might have known that such a woman as your wife would not keep quiet forever, supposing she was alive."

"She'll keep quiet from this night forth, I'll engage. You must come with me, Marsham—I am going to see her."

"To-night?"

"Yes; she gives a party. You and I must be there."

"Better do it in private."

"No; I would not miss one tittle of the scene to be made an emperor. I want to see her fine friends fall away from her, to see them shrink from her with loathing when I pronounce her a murderess!"

"A murderess?"

"Yes; you don't know quite all, Marsham. It is from no good will of hers that my bones are not rotting in that dark vault at Ferndale. You shall hear the story presently, but come with me now."

"I think I had better; you are in a strange state of excitement, Mr. Burgoyne. I hope you will do nothing rash."

"Rash! You talk as though I were a boy about to plunge into some piece of youthful folly. Excitement! How would you feel if you came five thousand miles to find your wife the property of another man, living in queenly luxury and magnificence whilst you were out in the cold—in your grave, as I have been."

"I shall never have a wife to have any feelings about," Mr. Marsham said to himself, with inward thanksgiving. "My client is going mad, I'm afraid I had better see after him."

So he told Mr. Burgoyne he was at his service, and the two drove together to the Duke's house.

There was some little demur about admitting them, but the lawyer managed to settle that point, and the names of Mark Douglas and Mr. Marsham were loudly announced.

Hilda was standing in the centre of the splendid room, with the light shining full down upon her, when she heard the words quietly and distinctly spoken, and it seemed to her as if the utterance were freezing her to a statue.

She was utterly unable to move a limb, and stood there like a radiant spectre, waiting for the intruders to approach. She saw them as they came on through the room, the grave, stern lawyer whom she had seen only a few times before, and the pallid face and whitened hair of the man who had once been willing to give up all worldly advancement, to fling prospects and everything to the wind, for her love.

She was conscious of a sort of curious eagerness on the countenances of her guests, brought there by the blanched horror of her own, of seeing Lady Royston and Lady Euphemia clutch hold of one another with an exclamation of dismay, and of one or two servants peering in at the door with startled expectation in their eyes.

They were standing close to her now, and several of the guests were drawing near. Not a few had heard of Mark Douglas, and Mr. Marsham was personally known to several present.

The lawyer was the first to speak.

"We are intruders I fear, your grace," he began; "but this gentleman, Mr. Douglas, of whom you have heard——"

"Allow me to introduce myself, if you please, Marsham," said his companion, in a hard, clear voice, that rang through the room, and was distinctly heard by every one, "not only to her grace the Duchess of Castletowers, but to every one present. They will be interested in my masquerading and the reason for it. My name is not Mark Douglas. I am——"

"No, no, for heaven's sake!" gasped Lady Euphemia, stretching out her hands to him.

But other aid was at hand to prevent the terrible revelation which would have been made in another moment.

A hand was laid on the speaker's shoulder, and the duke's quiet voice made itself heard through the saloon.

"Pardon me; this is a private matter, Mr. Douglas, and can have no interest for our friends. May I ask you to retire with us to the library?"

Bracy Burgoyne turned and looked at the speaker, and the words he had been about to utter died upon his lips.

The duke spoke with perfect calmness; not a quiver of his lips betrayed that there was any emotion underneath his words. But those who looked upon his face never forgot it to their dying day. It was like the face of a man whom death had suddenly surprised in the midst of some desperate sorrow—the stamp of the heart agony was there, and would never be effaced. And it was death he had just gone through; all his memories, happy present, and hopeful future had died with the hearing of the bitter story George Caterham had to tell him.

Its traces would never vanish. In after years there might come into that young, high-bred face more of content, more of patient endurance of his bitter sorrow, but never happiness on this side the grave—only a weary longing to flee away and be at rest.

Bracy Burgoyne did not speak the words that were on his lips; the mute agony of the eyes that looked so imploringly into his stayed his tongue.

Then the duke went over to where Hilda stood, rigid and motionless, and drew her cold hand through his arm. She did not appear to notice him, but kept her stony gaze fixed upon Bracy Burgoyne like a creature fascinated by a serpent. Then the duke spoke again in the same hard voice:

"Her grace is not very well, ladies; I must beg you to excuse her for awhile. She has had a shock, as you see. I am sorry that family matters should have intruded themselves this evening, but I am powerless. This interruption to our reunion was quite unexpected by us all, I believe—I can answer for myself that it was so. Kindly follow us to the library, Mr. Marsham, and bring your friend with you. Mr. Caterham, may I ask you to favor me too?"

He walked steadily to the door with Hilda on his arm, the others following. She made no resistance—hardly seemed conscious that she was moving until she reached the door, and then she turned round with a wistful look, not directed at any one in particular, but fixed upon the luxuries of the splendid *salon*—a sort of wistful, beseeching look as if she were saying an unspoken farewell to all the things she had perilled her soul to win.

"Lady Royston, will you take her grace's place as hostess for a little while?" the duke asked, as they reached the door and she came forward, with such a look of pain on her comely features that the guests one and all began to move as if to go.

Not for a little while, but for ever would Hilda, Duchess of Castletowers require some one to "take her place" at all gatherings where she would have been hostess. Never more would her bright eyes shine upon a crowd of guests, or her lovely lips speak words of greeting to her husband's friends. Her beauty had shone with the brief glitter of a meteor for a few short weeks, but her reign was over now. Nemesis had come, and the end was at hand.

As the door closed behind her, the sense of some terrible mystery seemed to settle down upon the brilliant crowd, and one after another came with hurried words of apology to Lady Royston, and took their leave. She did not attempt to detain them.

"Yes, something had happened," she admitted to all; but she could hardly tell what. It was a family matter of a painful nature.

And she bade them adieu, and let them go with a weary listlessness that made more than one remark:

"How very old dear Lady Royston really looked when you were close to her."

Old! Ay, she did look old—an older woman by ten years than the one who had come to London to assist at the *debut* of Lionel Breakspeare's wife. Mental pain leaves dire traces of its presence on the human frame.

Hurriedly and silently the guests all left, speculating curiously on what could possibly have happened, and more than one hazarding a guess that the white haired person was her grace's father, and that his advent had made things unpleasant. Perhaps he was a convict, or something dreadful of that sort; it was pretty well known that she was an adventuress of some sort.

Meanwhile, the group in the library were very still. The servants, scenting mischief, hung about in anticipation of a quarrel; but no sound of any altercation came from behind the closed doors. The duke led Hilda in, and then let her hand drop from his arm, and motioned her to a seat. She obeyed him in the same strange, mechanical way in which she had suffered him to lead her from the drawing-room, and sat down mechanically, with the same set, stony stare in her eyes.

There was silence for a moment, in which the beating of hearts might have been heard, and then Lionel Breakspeare spoke in a voice so stony and harsh and unlike his own that they shivered to hear it.

He stood leaning against the mantelpiece, looking at his wife in her shining blue dress and glittering ornaments as though she were some curious study, and there was a smile on his lips that was awful to see. His words were strange and wild too, almost impious under the strain of his consuming sorrow.

"This night's surprise is only a surprise to me, it seems," he said. "It is curious to speculate on the justice of heaven when such things happen to an innocent man. My life, so far as I know, was a blameless one till I met this lady, whom for the past few months I have believed my wife. Can heaven have aught to do with justice or mercy, I wonder, when the love that a man deems his holiest attribute, his greatest earthly bliss, is punished as mine is punished by this evening's awful revelation?"

CHAPTER LIII.

WHAT SOCIETY SAID.

Stabbed through the heart's affections to the heart,
Seethed like a kid in its own mother's milk,
Killed with a word worse than a life of blows.
Tennyson.

There was something pitiful in the terrible calmness of Lionel Breakspeare as he spoke, and no one had a word to say in reply. Lady Euphemia, with bowed head and clasped hands, was weeping convulsively, and there were tears in the kindly eyes of George Caterham.

"I may ask of some one here," he went on, "why I was permitted to commit the hideous crime which has blighted my life and destroyed my happiness for ever? Why, with such an awful secret in keeping, no one stretched out a hand to save me from ruin?"

"Because it was a secret, your grace," George Caterham said, gravely. "I have come into this family matter without any thought of intrusion on my own part. You must pardon me for speaking if I ought not. It was your grace's singular reticence as to who you were going to marry that did the mischief. Lady Euphemia Breakspeare and myself were aware Mr. Burgoyne was alive. None of us were certain of the existence of—of this lady," he added, looking at Hilda, who still sat motionless, and not attempting to speak, "until we were called upon to welcome her as Duchess of Castletowers."

"You should have spoken then."

"It was hard to tell what to do, your grace. Mr. Douglas was coming home, and we thought it best to leave it."

"And I wish I had died a thousand deaths before I had come home to this," said Bracy Burgoyne, passionately. "I loved my wife, as you know, while she was mine, to the destruction of all my earthly hopes. Ask her, some of you—if it be Hilda Sforza who sits there, and not the devil in her likeness—what earthly wrong or harm I had ever done her that she should do to me what she did. I know now whose hand sent me reeling down into that grim vault yonder at Ferndale to die, but for the direct interposition of Providence in the person of yonder gentle girl."

"You had done nothing, Bracy Burgoyne."

It was Hilda who spoke in a clear, cold, hard voice, as though she felt no emotion of any sort—no interest even in what was going on.

"You did nothing; but you could not make me a duchess. Shall I speak of what is gone by, my lord? No one but myself can let the light on the mystery of the night you have heard spoken of."

"Go on, madam," said the lawyer, seeing that no one else answered her. "It may be as well to hear what there is to be told."

The duke sat down and bowed his head upon his hands. It was evident that he was listening, from the shiver that every now and then passed over him, but he did not look up. Hilda spoke, without seeming to notice any one in the room, in the same cold, icy manner as before.

"My father always said that I was not like other girls," she said; "that I had no heart—perhaps I had none. I was not brought up in a way to make me sympathetic. My whole aim was to rise above the condition of misery in which we lived, and to make the beauty I heard so much of the stepping stone to something better. I was to be the heroine of a romance, of which the hero was a mystery of the future as yet. At length he came—Bracy Burgoyne—and his means seemed a mine of wealth to me. I think I loved him; I'm sure I was grateful to him. What followed you all know, and how temptation came to me in the wood at Castletowers. I am not worth sorrow, your grace. I am not worth a tear from the eye of any human creature. Yet I would have made you a good wife in return for what you gave me. You would never have had cause to doubt my good faith."

"His grace believes that, I am sure," said Mr. Marsham. "Go on madam."

"You know how I was taken away from Ferndale, dead, as every one believed," Hilda went on. "I think that act of my husband's was the first thing that made me think of trying to free myself. I went with him to Stafford, and he gave me the opportunity."

Still the same hard, cold voice. No trace of pity for either of the men whose lives she had blighted; no sign of penitence for the evil she had wrought.

"I knew he was going to the Hollow, and I resolved to be there too. I bribed the servant at the hotel to keep the secret of my absence, and chance threw in my way a conveyance, for which I paid ten times the worth of its hire, to take me there and back. I got into the house unseen. He was busy looking for some papers, and I pulled up the trap door of the vault under my own boudoir. I think the devil must have helped me, for the carpets were all up, and I found strength to lift the heavy door unaided. I knew he would come to that room for a desk which was there, and I hid in a closet and waited. He had a light in his hand—I had none then; I had put it out, and he did not see me—and he stopped and looked down into the vault in evident surprise at finding it open. All the rest was done in a moment. I sprang out behind him, and he and the light disappeared with a horrid crash. I got out of the house I don't know how, and stood under the stars free, as I thought, to be a duchess."

"Yet heaven saw fit to save you from being a murderess," said Mr. Marsham, "will you tell us further, madam, how the other fraud came about—the simulated death in the railway accident—that gave rise to the marble lie in Kensal Green?"

"That lie was none of my telling," was the cold reply. "It was another stepping stone for me in the career I had marked out for myself, but laid by other hands than mine. Lady Royston can give you the clue you want. Her ladyship did me the honor to listen to a conversation which did not concern her a few days ago, and will not have forgotten it, I am sure. Is there anything else you want to ask me? My history since then is known to the duke."

"I think, your grace, we need request no further revelations from the lady," Mr. Marsham said, gravely and sadly. "Whatever I have had to do with Mr. Burgoyne's reappearance I will explain when you wish. The first thing to be considered is, what is to be done with——"

"With me," interrupted Hilda, rising, and speaking without a muscle of her face quivering. "I risked much for the rank I held till an hour since—I will not lose it. I have lived Duchess of Castletowers—I will die so."

They hardly comprehended what her words meant, till George Caterham sprang forward with an exclamation of surprise and dismay.

His quick eye had seen her hand go up to her mouth, and he seized her wrist. There was a sharp scream, a brief tussle, and then the slight form lay in his arms white and insensible.

"She did not swallow it, whatever it was," he said. "I saw it drop—something like a sugar-plum."

A little spot of pulverized sugar on the carpet bore out his assertion, and they laid Hilda gently down on the couch.

"I think she has only fainted," he said. "But it might be as well to see that she has no more about her. Will your ladyship please feel in her pocket?"

Lady Euphemia drew near, and put her hand in the pocket of the glittering dress, and drew out a little box with a few words in some Eastern language written on the cover.

"Hindostanee, I think," said the lawyer, handing it to Bracy Burgoyne, who took it and opened it.

Its contents seemed to be *bon-bons* of white sugar, about the size of a pea—nothing more.

"I guess what they are," he said; "I have some similar ones. Each one of these holds a human life. You are sure she did not take one, Mr. Caterham?"

"Quite; it dropped before she could put it into her mouth. There it lies. May I suggest she is taken to her room till something is decided?"

It was the duke who rose and rang the bell.

"Give your orders," he said. "Let everything be done for the comfort and welfare of this lady, whom, heaven knows, I believed to be my wife, but spare me any further details at present. My sister will tell me in her own good time why *she*, at least, did not reveal this fearful secret sooner. For the girl, who was in her mistress's confidence, and helped to cheat me, let her go—but quickly, or I may kill her. I am not quite master of myself, I think—few men would be so at such a time."

He was breaking down now, and in a moment, before any of them could realize what he was doing, he had flung himself on his knees by the still insensible Hilda, and was murmuring over her words of passionate tenderness, and weeping the bitter, heart-wearing tears that fall from strong men's eyes. Such emotion adds years to a young life, and Lionel Breakspeare was at the very beginning of his sorrow-laden though it was.

Bracy Burgoyne went up to him, and quieted the tempest of his emotion by a gentle touch on his shoulder.

"My lord," he said, "she spoke truly when she said she was not worthy of a good man's sorrow. I have lived down mine, and it has left me with whitened hair and a broken life. You are younger, and have fairer prospects. Let us both try and think what is best to be done."

The duke suffered himself to be led from the room, and Lady Royston came, more calm and self-possessed in this hour of misery and shame than she had ever been in her happiest moments, and took charge of the miserable woman who had perilled so much for her vanity and ambition.

Mr. Marsham summoned the servants, and informed them that a great trouble had fallen upon their master, but that if any gossip went on about it the offenders were to be dismissed without character or warning.

Lizzie Pearce was sent for and discharged on the spot, with six month's wages in lieu of warning, but told at the same time that she was not considered so culpable in the matter as at first appeared, inasmuch as she could have done nothing to prevent what had come about.

And then there was a sad conference held in the library as to what should be done to avert scandal, and George Caterham told how he and Lady Euphemia had rescued Bracy Burgoyne from his peril, and conveyed him away to Caterham, where he lay concealed as the old man, John Denham.

"It was the finger of Providence," said Bracey Burgoyne, when the story was told. "The gift that Lady Euphemia asked of me the day of Lady Royston's unhappy blunder was the key of that fatal vault, and it was a constantly recurring dream which sent her back to Caterham, and finally to the Hollow, only just in time to save my life."

"Will you leave the matter of her disposal in my hands?" the lawyer asked. "I think I see a way."

They acquiesced, and he promised to return in the morning and left them, after ascertaining that Hilda had come to herself.

Perhaps the report that arose—no one knew how—the next day was the best thing that could have happened. No one guessed the truth, but every one had heard that the poor young Duchess of Castletowers had turned out to be mad—and wasn't it a dreadful thing?

CHAPTER LIV.

L'ENVOI.

The miserable woman whose career of deceit and crime was so nearly ended now betrayed no sign of remorse, or indeed of any feeling, when secluded in her own room with a grim attendant provided by the lawyer.

When this strange woman the next day bade her get up and dress, respectfully enough, but still firmly, and as a command, she obeyed without a word.

"Where is my maid?" she asked, sharply, when she began her toilette.

"Discharged," the woman answered, shortly.

"And am I to have no attendance?"

"Such as I can give. I have orders to supply you with everything you wish."

"Then get me some chocolate."

The woman rang the bell, and gave her orders without quitting the room or allowing the servant to enter.

"I suppose I am a prisoner, and you are my gaoler?" Hilda remarked.

"I am only attending to my directions, ma'am," the woman replied. "You will see Mr. Marsham directly."

When breakfast was over the lawyer made his appearance.

Hilda received him without any emotion.

"Are you to be the arbiter of my future fate?" she asked, coldly.

"I have been commissioned to make a proposal to you, that is all," he replied.

"What is it?"

"That you submit unconditionally to whatever is decided as best for your future by those whom you have injured so deeply."

"And suppose I refuse?"

"Then you will be handed over to justice for attempted murder, fraud, and bigamy."

"And if I say, blindly, to your proposal—what then?"

"A home will be provided for you, where you will be safe and well cared for. All luxuries befitting your position will be secured to you, and you will not be deprived of your wardrobe; you perilled a good deal for these things, and they will not be taken from you. The Duke of Castletowers has no wish ever to see again anything that has belonged to you."

"I will go," she said. "When?"

"In two hours' time. Oh, you need not think of packing up!" he added, as she an anxious look round the lovely room. "Your things will be sent after you. Be good enough to be ready, as we must go whether you have chosen to prepare or not."

In two hours he reappeared, and found her ready. Descending on his arm to the carriage which waited for she saw no one. The house seemed empty and deserted; not a familiar face was there to wish her good bye.

Many hours' journey by rail, and then a drive through a mountainous country in the dark to a large, solitary house.

"Where are we?" she asked.

"In Wales, madam."

She crossed the gloomy threshold without a word, and looked around her. A quiet looking woman and an elderly gentleman came out of a side room to receive her.

"This is the lady, Dr. Blair," said Mr. Marsham; Mrs. James."

And Hilda knew now that her very name was to be forgotten—that she to be indeed as dead.

"What place is this?" she asked. "A prison?"

"Hardly. Prisoners do not enjoy luxuries; *you* will have whatever you choose."

"I guess," she said, the truth suddenly flashing upon her. "It is a madhouse! I will not stay here! I am not mad! Let me go!"

She sprang towards the door, but the doctor was too quick for her, and laid a strong grasp on her arm.

"Useless, my dear madam, I assure you," he said. "Strength goes for nothing here, Mrs. James."

At a sign from Dr. Blair another woman appeared, and between them they bore away the hapless Hilda, shrieking now in violent hysterics, and then the two gentleman proceeded to settle the business part of the transaction. A liberal sum was to be paid in quarterly instalments for the maintenance of the patient, who was to have every indulgence except liberty, and entire secrecy was to be observed respecting her. And so the beautiful Duchess of Castletowers vanished from the world.

The duke went abroad, far into the wilds of Central Africa, where, exploring, he tried to forget all that had passed since the day when he first looked into Circe's eyes; Mrs. Caterham went home with her son, and Castletowers was shut up. Bracy Burgoyne sold the hollow and went abroad, as did Lady Royston and her niece.

Thus a year passed away, and then a letter came to Bracy Burgoyne in the little French town where he had taken up his quarters. "Mrs. James" was dead. She had poisoned herself by means of some sweetmeats—where procured or how secreted no one knew—and had died almost instantly, weary of her life, doubtless, and seeing no chance of a change. Maybe Juliet, the old negress in the Lucknow bazaar, could have told how that poison was come by. Honore Chantrelle had purchased enough of her to kill twenty people.

Twelve months later yet the Duke of Castletowers, at Sierra Leone, read a letter which had followed him through heaven knows how many thousand miles of wanderings, to reach him at last by a happy chance, which told him of the marriage of his sister with Bracy Burgoyne.

He sent them loving greeting from his exile, and maybe by and by, when years have sped away, a bronzed and travelworn uncle will sit by Lady Euphemia's fireside, and pray heaven bless her children. But he will never reign more at Castletowers, and some day, when the weary heart is at rest, a brightfaced lad at Eton will be the duke, and a new dynasty will spring up, to whom "The Curse of Nemesis" will not cling, and on whom the fatal influence of the wicked Duchess Christabel will not fall; and on whom the light of her evil beauty will not shine, for two pictures are missing from the gallery, and will be seen there no more—those of the old Court beauty and the artist Sforza's wicked daughter.

THE END.

JAPANESE CUSTOMS.—Social life in Japan has many queer features. The young men do not awooing go; they resort to the prosaic device of a middle-man—a mutual friend, one might say, if that phrase had not been abused so much. The marriage ceremony consists of a bride and a groom sitting cross-legged, opposite each other, and drinking nine cups of tea from three cups. Were the American styles introduced, the Japanese lover's proposal would doubtless be, "My darling, will you go three times with me?" Divorce is easy in Japan—for a man. He may get a separation from his spouse for several reasons, chief among which are that she is jealous, or disobedient to her mother-in-law, or she steals, or that she talks too much. A pithy Japanese proverb for a scolding wife is: "A woman's tongue is only three inches long, but it can kill a man six feet high."

AMERICANISMS.—Among the best known Americanisms, unused and scarcely understood in England, are locomotive for engine, railroad for railway, horse cars for tramway, depot for station, switch for shunt, baggage for luggage, store for shop, bureau for chest of drawers, clever for good-natured, boards for deals, calico for prints, corn for maize, dry goods for draper's articles or haberdashery, fall for autumn, dress for gown, fix for repair, guess for think, hardware for iron-mongery, hold on for stop, homely for ugly, loafer for lounger, mad for angry, mail for post, pantaloons for trousers, vest for jacket, quite for very, rooster for cock, sick for ill, sleigh for sledge, stoop for porch, suspenders for braces, venison for deer meat, and woods for wood.

An excuse is worse and more terrible than a lie, for an excuse is a lie guarded.

ATTACHMENT OF ANIMALS.—There were two Hanoverian horses, which assisted in drawing the same gun during the whole Peninsular war, in the German Brigade of artillery. One of them met his death in an engagement; after which the survivor was picqueted as usual, and his food was brought to him. He refused to eat, and kept constantly turning his head round to look for his companion, and sometimes calling him by a neigh. Every care was taken, and all means that could be thought of were adopted, to make him eat, but without effect. Other horses surrounded him on all sides, but he paid no attention to them; his whole demeanor indicated the deepest sorrow, and he died from hunger, not having tasted a bit from the time his companion died.

ANCIENT ARMOUR.—Many heavy armed men must have formerly perished in a battle without receiving a wound, in consequence of their being unable to rise without assistance when unhorsed or overthrown. Edward, Earl of Rutland, led the van of the English at the battle of Agincourt; but being a heavy, corpulent man, he was overturned and stifled in the throng.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

FALLING OUT OF HAIR.—To prevent the hair from falling out the common application in Oriental countries is the bruised bulbs of garlic, or onions, mixed with gunpowder. An infusion of the small leaves of the orange or lemon tree in red wine has also proved serviceable.

STRENGTH OF SOLAR HEAT.—Sir John Herschel says: "I have seen the thermometer four inches deep in the sand in South Africa rise to 1399, and have cooked a beefsteak and boiled eggs hard by a simple exposure to the sun in a box covered with a frame of window glass and placed in another box so covered."

YIELDING HAT.—An improved hat for firemen, policemen, and others, by which the force of falling bodies or of blows may be broken sufficiently to protect the head against injury is out. The brim is made apart from the hat body, and is provided with a raised portion which is fitted to the head. The body slides on the rim portion, and is guided by slots and pins, and supported by a cushioning spring.

LEAD POISONING.—The occurrence of numerous cases of sickness among children, with symptoms of lead poisoning, has led to a remarkable discovery by the Imperial Health Officer of Germany. It appears that the enameled cloth used in covering children's carriages is largely charged with lead, different specimens, of both German and foreign make, showing as high as 45 per cent. of the metal. The fabric burned readily, and drops of the reduced metal were seen to fall even when a small piece of the cloth was ignited.

A NEW BRIDLE.—Some experiments have been made at Brussels in breaking horses by means of an electric bridle. The apparatus consists simply in a couple of reins, along which run electric wires. At the end of the reins a small electric battery is attached, which is entirely in the power of the experimenter. By pressing on a little knob the electric current acts on the corners of the horse's mouth and after a few consecutive or intermittent shocks the animal becomes very docile. A very intractable mare was broken in after one experiment with the bridle. The inventor asserts that a runaway horse can immediately be brought to a stand-still by means of this apparatus.

GELATIN.—Gelatin, when once thoroughly diffused through a vegetable or animal substance and then dried with it, will protect the whole from decomposition. This is the fact which underlies processes for preserving the flavor and nutritious properties of such articles as milk, cream, cheese, beef, lime juice, etc. First, the natural water contained in the substance to be preserved is evaporated and replaced with gelatin. The compound is then dried; and it may be kept in this state for years. It may be made up also into biscuits by incorporating it with biscuit powder. One pound of gelatin is enough for 16 pounds of meat and for 8 gallons of milk.

FEMININITIES.

A five-year old girl was actually whipped to death in Marshalltown, Iowa, by her drunken mother.

A good boy may not become a handsome man, but a nice bonnet surely becomes a pretty woman.

Lady (on a shopping excursion): "Oh, dear, that blanket is much too good! I want it for charitable purposes."

"I hope this is not counterfeit?" said a lover, as he toyed with his sweetheart's hand. "The best way to find out is to ring it!" was the quick reply.

Mr. ——, who has been in retirement for a few weeks after marrying and burying three sisters, came up smiling to the altar the other day, having begun on a new family.

"What constitutes marriage?" asks the Boston *Advertiser*. Getting down to one cigar a day in order to pour money into the coffers of the man who sells striped stockings.

Tight lacing is not practiced in this country one half as much as ten years ago, but a number three shoe has got to go on a number five foot if it shortens every toe an inch.

Ladies should remember that a piece of linen moistened with turpentine and put into the wardrobe or drawers for a single day, two or three times a year, is a sufficient preservation against moths.

The Wisconsin Legislature refuses to make insanity a cause for divorce, casually remarking that "if a man ever wants a wife it is when he is crazy." Strange how the superficial mind avoids the main subject—the cause of insanity, for instance.

(Professor, eloquently holding forth to the junior rhetoric class. One of its members on the back seat, likewise holding forth to her neighbor.) Professor—"I beg pardon, Miss A., I believe I interrupted you." Miss A.—"Oh, no, not at all; I had finished."

"I tell you," said a Wisconsin man to a neighbor the next day after burying his wife, "When I come to get into bed, and lay thar, and not hear Lucinda jawing around for an hour and a half, it just made me feel as if I had moved into a strange country."

Two sisters conversing about a concert which had taken place, the younger of the two, who had been present, was asked if a certain singer had been encored. Her youthful fancy must have been drawn in another direction, for she replied, "Oh, no; she was in velvet."

A distinguished professor of chemistry suggests that the nomenclature of that science might be drawn upon for a variety of pretty additions to female names. Having himself a family of five girls, he has named them respectively, Glycerine, Pepsine, Ethyl, Methyl, and Morphia.

If the marriage service could only be so modified and amended as to include the lighting of the morning fires among the other obligations assumed by the bride, there wouldn't be so many old bachelors jabbing their fingers with the darning needles and shivering around in the cold.

Senator and Mrs. Mitchell were awakened a few nights since by a burly negro who was looking after watches. "Who are you?" asked the senator. "Don't stop to ask questions," interrupted Mrs. Mitchell, "but use your revolver." The burglar left in haste, though there was no revolver in the house. The senator now gazes at his wife and murmurs, "What a head."

A young man in an Austin, Nev., barber shop was particular about having his moustache nicely perfumed. "Going to call on a young lady, I suppose?" the barber asked. The young man with much dignity replied: "See here, my friend, do you suppose I put perfumery on my moustache because I am going to see a man, or a boy, or an old woman, or a babe in arms? Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?"

A young woman with a pretty face and modest ways took a room in a Springfield hotel. The other guests pitied her because she seemed timid and unprotected. Before the week was out three men had called to see her. One was the husband from whom she had eloped. A second was the man with whom she had eloped. A third was a man with whom she had promised to elope, but had jilted. The simultaneous meeting of these four persons was so inharmonious that all were turned out of the house.

A DISCONTENTED DOG.

The kitchen, indeed! And they think I shall stay
To wag my fine tail at the servants all day!
I've been pampered and spoiled, and I cannot be foiled.
How how could they fancy a dog of my race
Could ever prefer such a saucepanny place?
I'll bark till they give me a better estate;
I'll bark, whosoever should come to the gate,
The baker, the milkman, the bad butcher boys;
I'll bark till I die, if I die of the noise!

The dining-room's better—more joy to be found—
The guests are all seated, and I walk around.
They turn, but they meet me half way with a frown,
And all that they say is, "Go down, dog, go down!"
If they'd wish me to beg, or to dance on one leg,
I should feel more content, for I'm fond of a show,
And like to be chief one wherever I go.
You must own that the patience of stone is o'ertasked
If you know you sing well and you never are asked.
The drawing-room's nicer—the wax tapers gleam—
There's a cosy arm-chair for a muffled-up dream.
(Does the tea-maker know that I'm used to the cream?)
But just as I'm dozing, the couch of my rest
Is seized by a maiden all satin and jewels
For herself and a dog she is working in gewels.
Oh, memory sweet of the things I had best—
The duffiest corner, the dowiest chair!
And now I'm expected to sit anywhere.
I was constantly called "Sweetest darling!" "Old dear!"
And now not a word—do they know I am here?
To-day I am up on the nursery floor,
Children I like, I may say adore!
They think of one's ease, and they always say "please,"
Here, Sophy, and Harry, and nice little Sam,
Come and see what a beautiful doggie I am.
What sweet trusting smiles! I must really unbend.
Come closer, and each shake a paw like a friend.
You may pull my left ear just a little as well.
The dinner plates rattle—phaugh! mutton I smell!
I suppose it's the thing for these nursery chicks,
Three children, myself, and the nurses make six,
But the cloth's laid for five—pray, where is my plate?
I'm accustomed to sit upon cushions in state;
And now a chance morsel just thrown from a dish!
I shall not have dinner at all as I wish.
What, charity bits from a set of tomtits?
Thanks, no! when bad manners so clearly prevail
I know how to carry my head and my tail.
I'll go up to the roof—I shall live quite aloof;
There will I dwell with my comforts increased,
There I have freedom and starlight at least.
I shall not be needy, though living alone,
I'm a world to myself, and I've brought up a bone!
When I'm wanting a tune, I can bay to the moon.
Perhaps, when they look at me down in the street,
They will think I'm a monument sculptured in stone,
A crown to the house, for my virtues complete!
Aha! what is that? An impertinent cat!
Does she dare to creep over my royal demesne?
Are the chimneys aware that I do not like smoking?
The stars are all hidden, the mist it comes soaking.
Discomfort and cats and a fine drizzling rain!
Oh, dear! what a life I'm beginning again!

The Sea-Captain and the Swallows.

BY E. W. P.

Some years ago a ship named Heathbell was lying in the river Mersey—the great river that flows past the busy town of Liverpool. The name of the captain was John Griffiths. He was about fifty years of age. Nobody knew better than he how to sail a ship and make a swift voyage. But he was cross, and sometimes very cruel to his crew. He would often flog the sailor-boys for the very smallest faults, and then laugh at their sufferings and tears.

When the time of high-tide drew near, Captain Griffiths bade the owners of the Heathbell good-bye, and jumping into the boat that was waiting for him at the quay, was soon on board his ship. There was a stir and bustle on deck. The chains rattled when the anchor was brought up, and the sails flapped as they were hoisted and spread to the fair wind, and away through the shining waves went the Heathbell on her far journey to the shores of Greece, to bring back a cargo of raisins and currants, and other nice things that children, and old folks too, like to meet with in cakes and puddings.

I will now tell you something about the swallows, which I daresay many of you have heard before. These active little birds do not dwell in England all the year round. They only come on a visit when spring comes with its gentle rains and sunny weather. All through the summer they are seen skimming over the lakes and rivers, or wheeling in circles through the air. But when the days begin to grow cold, they gather by thousands on the roofs and spires of churches, on ruined towers, and other places, and after a short rest they fly away two thousand miles, or more, away to Africa, where the days are bright and warm, and the snow and the cold and the frost never come. When spring returns to England, they also return.

The Heathbell was now in the middle of the great sea called the Mediterranean. The weather was beautiful, and the wind was blowing fair. The captain was walking on deck. Looking to the north he saw a dark cloud approaching the ship. Storms often arise suddenly in the Mediterranean, so he called to his men to prepare for the worst. Nearer and nearer came the cloud, but the sun still shone as brightly, and the wind blew still as fair. It was only a cloud of thousands upon thousands of swallows who were on their way to Africa. While yet far off they had seen the Heathbell, and were hurrying to it, for their wings were weary, and they longed to rest awhile. In an instant they settled down on the spars and ropes of the ship, and when these could hold no more they covered the deck and flew down into the hold, the covering of which had been removed during the heat of the day. This was no sooner done than the sun set, and night darkened the sea; the hold was covered, and on went the ship with its countless number of passengers—on and on, till suddenly the sun rose, and the swallows took their flight to the south. The captain at this moment came on deck.

"What noise is that?" he called out sternly.

"It's the swallows in the hold; they can't get out, sir."

The captain stooped and listened. It was the swallows, the poor little prisoners. It was a sad sound. They were twittering and screaming low and shrill in their agony.

"Take off the hatches (the covering of the hold) instantly! instantly!" shouted the captain.

The order was at once obeyed. Away flew the birds. The captain watched till he could see them no more through the tears that filled his eyes.

From that hour he never spoke an angry word to man or boy. The cries of the swallows had changed his nature in this respect.

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

How a Dog Cared for a Lost Child.

BY M. L. D'H.

One of the most striking instances which I have heard of sagacity and personal attachment in the shepherd dog occurred some time ago among the Grampian mountains. In one of his excursions to his distant flocks, a shepherd took with him one of his children. After traversing the hills for some time, attended by his dog, the shepherd found himself under the necessity of ascending a summit at some distance to have a more extensive view of his range. As the ascent was too fatiguing for the child, he left him on a small plain at the bottom, with strict injunctions not to stir from it till his return.

Scarcely, however, had he gained the summit, when the horizon was suddenly darkened by one of those impenetrable mists which frequently descend so rapidly amidst those mountains, as in the space of a few minutes, almost to turn day into night. The anxious father instantly hastened back to find his child; but, owing to the unusual darkness, and his own trepidation, he unfortunately missed his way in the descent. After a fruitless search of many hours amongst the dangerous morasses and cataracts with which these mountains abound he was at length overtaken by night.

Still wandering on without knowing whither, he at length came to the verge of the mist, and, by the light of the moon, discovered that he had reached the bottom of the valley, and was within a short distance of his cottage.

To renew the search that night was equally fruitless and dangerous. He was therefore obliged to return to his cottage, having lost both his child and his dog, which had attended him faithfully for years.

Next morning, by daybreak, the shepherd, accompanied by a band of his neighbors, set out in search of his child; but after a day spent in fruitless fatigue, he was at last compelled, by the approach of night to descend from the mountain.

On returning to his cottage he found that the dog, which he had lost the day before, had been home, and, on receiving a piece of cake, had instantly gone off again.

For several successive days the shepherd renewed the search for his child, and still on returning to his cottage disappointed in the evening, he found that the dog had been home, and, on receiving his usual allowance of cake, had instantly disappeared.

Struck with this singular circumstance, he remained at home one day, and when the dog as usual departed with his piece of cake, he resolved to follow him, and find out the cause of his strange procedure.

The dog led the way to a cataract, at some distance from the spot where the shepherd had left his child. The banks of the cataract almost joined at the top, yet, separated by an abyss of immense depth, presented that appearance which so often astonishes and appals the travelers who frequent the Grampian mountains, and indicates that the stupendous chasms were not the silent work of time, but the sudden effect of some violent convulsion of the earth. Down one of these rugged and almost perpendicular descents the dog began, without hesitation, to make his way, and at last disappeared into a cave, the mouth of which was almost upon a level with the torrent. The shepherd with difficulty followed; but, on entering the cave, what was his emotion when he beheld his child, eating, with much satisfaction, the cake which the dog had just brought him, while the faithful animal stood by eyeing his young charge with the utmost complacence. From the situation in which the child was found, it appears that he had wandered to the brink of the precipice, and then either fallen or scrambled down, till he reached the cave, which the dread of the current had afterwards prevented him from quitting. The dog, by means of his scent, had traced him to the spot, and afterwards prevented him from starving, by giving up to him his own daily allowance. He appears never to have quitted the child by night or day, except when it was necessary to go for his food, and then he was always seen running at full speed to and from the cottage.

The Orange Blossom.

BY J. H. N.

I was born in a sunny spot, where the very winds resemble a lover's kisses, filling the soul with rapture, where the blue heavens and the flower-enamelled earth fear neither chilling fogs nor wintry snows.

In spite of these surroundings, my first experiences of life were not happy ones. The gentle touch of Aurora had scarce bidden me awake and make the most of my short, sweet life, when, on looking around me, I beheld some of my fair, white sisters lying in a large wooden box, their golden crowned heads drooping on their fair bosoms. Even as I blazed, there approached a man of hideous mein, armed with a knife, whose glittering blade smiled cold and cruel in the bright sunlight. Another moment, and I was swept into the box where my sisters lay.

Then the lid was fastened down, and our king of life and light, the sun, shut out from our gaze.

We were jolted about for many hours on a long and tedious road, during which, oh! how I longed for death.

The fatigue of the journey proved too trying for some of my delicate companions, and they died without a sigh; indeed, I only knew that their short lives were ended when we reached a great flower store where the box was opened, and their dead, white bodies were thrown down and swept away, no one knew whither.

Being young and strong, a tepid bath soon revived me, and I was pronounced fit for *the* wedding bouquet (the *the* representing the highest priced one Mrs. Buck had on order). Accordingly I was taken in hand, gummed and wired, until every petal winced with pain, and my pierced yellow heart yearned for the dewy kiss of eve, or the cooling breath of Zephyrus, as might a tortured human being for a draught of water.

My tedious and painful toilette completed, I was allotted a place amongst the high bred stephanotis, the pale, starry jasmine, and the sweet-scented mignonette, forming, as it were, part of a fairy circle round the queen of the bouquet—a white moss rose.

On our arrival at a fashionable abode near the Park we were welcomed with many expressions of delight. The bride elect alone had no admiration, no greeting for us. She was a pale-faced, blue-eyed girl of nineteen, with that absent expression that tells that though the body is present, the mind is wandering away in some far distant spot, to be recalled, however, by a word, a gesture, or a sound, at a moment's notice.

"Why is she not pleased to see us?" I asked of the White Rose, who sat enthroned in our midst on a canopy of cool velvet moss, as beseemed the queen of flowers.

"I am the emblem of Love," she replied, with just the slightest curve of contempt on her upper petal. "Why should she, who has no love for my sender, welcome me? You are the emblem of purity in the present, of married happiness in the future. Can she welcome you, when to-morrow she gives her hand away to one man, and tries in vain to strangle the still small voice that will tell her every hour—say, every minute of the day—how but six months since she plighted her troth to another—another who is now far away from here?

Night stole over the wearied earth, and the moonbeams silvered her dark robe, but sleep came not to the blue-eyed girl. She arose from her bed, and, as her eye fell upon us, she mechanically took us in her hand. And as she did so a tear trickled down her cheek. It was the tear of remorse, and as it fell, she dashed her hand fiercely across her face, exclaiming, "I will not think of him more!"

The ceremony is over, and the "happy pair," as the assembled outsiders call them, pass to their carriage—hers now, as much as his, for but a few moments since his lips had declared, "And with my worldly goods I thee endow." They were linked arm in arm, but far apart in soul from soul. His affections, perhaps, are as much fixed on the trembling girl at his side as they are upon his riches; but hers are far, far away with one she struggles in vain to forget.

She had sacrificed Love on the altar of Mammon!

And now I am on the breakfast-table, resplendent with glass, silver, exotic flowers, and fruits. The heart-broken mother sheds a deluge of tears.

The breakfast over, the bride retires to change her white satin and lace for an almost equally sumptuous dress of sage-colored silk. She begs to be alone for a few minutes, and, having written a few hurried lines, she takes us in her hands, and with her white, jeweled fingers, less white than her face, less glittering than the passionate tears in her eyes, separates me from my companions, and presses me to her lips.

"Go, little one," she said; "go, take him my last embrace—tell him that she for whom he crossed the land but six months since, with hopes of happiness boundless as the horizon before him, smiling as the sky above him—tell him how he has built his edifice of hope upon the sands, and that the waves of worldliness have engulfed it!"

I was once more in darkness, and my grave sealed with a monogram that no longer was the sender's.

* * * * *

I know not how long I thus remained, but when I once more saw the light, my body was dead, though my flower soul lived. I was in a gold-digger's hut. A hand, browned by sun and hardened by toil, seized me, and bore me to the owner's lips.

Another minute and he had read the few hurriedly-written lines accompanying me.

With a cry, I was flung to the ground, and he left the tent with hopes withered as the small brown thing he had trampled beneath his feet.

My mission, and so my life, was accomplished. The orange blossom had brought him tidings of a great death—the death of his life's love.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

BRAZILIAN SHOPKEEPERS.—Travellers are much amused at the apparent apathy of the Brazilian shopkeepers. If they are engaged, as now is not unfrequently the case, in talking politics or reading a newspaper, or perhaps only enjoying a cool seat in the back of their shop, they will often say they have not the article inquired for, rather than rise to fetch it; and if the customer persists to point it out in the shop, he is coolly desired to get it himself, and lay down the money.

LONDON CLUBS.—Every club in London has its characteristics, and when the members of one accept the hospitality of another during the yearly renovation of their club houses, these characteristics are quickly noticed by the strangers. In one club, states the London World, it is the fashion to hang up one's hat in the hall; in another, to keep it under one's chair; here a shooting coat is permitted; there the diners appear in the regulation claw-hammer coat; tobacco is sometimes banished to the garret, sometimes allowed everywhere but in the coffee room; beer in pewter pots would be rank heresy in this house; to read a book at table considered extraordinary in that.

LONG FINGER NAILS.—Chinese and Siam aristocrats invariably wear long finger nails. The disfigurement is supposed to add to the importance of the individual as it is evident that the wearer cannot do any work and must therefore have a fortune corresponding to the length of his nails. The hand of an Annamite dandy has nails four or five inches in length, the thumb-nail has a characteristic shape, and that of the first finger is cut short to enable the person to pick up small objects. Without this slight alteration the hands would be nearly useless. Nails of still greater enormity may be seen. They are said to have attained the extraordinary length of thirteen inches, and in this case the nail of the first finger is not entirely cut off.

QUEER MISSILES OF WAR.—An Indian prince during the Sepoy rebellion was besieging some English troops, and finding his bullets coming to an end, suddenly bethought him of a pile of tin canisters that he had somewhere captured, and which, as is usual, he rammed whole into his cannon, supposing that the tin cans were all freighted with canister shot. What was the amazement of the besieged the next morning to find that the old rebel was firing into their camp potted lobster, jugged hare, anchovy and bloater paste, venison, pickled herrings, nicely cooked grouse, chow-chow, and other delicacies of the table. The canisters contained nothing but hermetically sealed provisions, and the storm of victuals lasted for three days.

ADVANTAGEOUS WAGER.—Borrow a watch. Examine it to form an idea of its value: then offer to lay the owner a wager considerably less than the value of the watch that he does not answer three times consecutively, "My watch." Present him the watch and ask, "What is this?" He will not fail to answer, "My watch." Afterward present some other object, asking the same question. If he names the object you have presented, he has lost the wager; but if, on the contrary, he is upon his guard and says "My watch," he evidently must win. You must then say, "You are sure to win; but, supposing I lose, what will you give me?" If he replies, "My watch," take it, and leave him the wager that was staked.

FARM AND GARDEN.

TICKS ON SHEEP.—Crude carbolic acid mixed with sixty parts water is recommended for killing ticks on sheep.

INSECTS ON VINES.—Insects on vines can be driven off by sprinkling the vines with soot, plaster or air-slaked lime.

CORD OF GREEN WOOD.—A cord of green hard wood weighs upward of three tons. Some teamsters seem to be ignorant of the fact.

MEAT FOR FOWLS.—Fowls love occasionally to have condiments with their food. Cayenne pepper, mustard, or ginger, increases the vigor and egg production of fowls.

CISTERN WATER.—To prevent cistern water from becoming offensive and impure, have the empty pipe run nearly to the bottom of the well, where the purest water is always to be obtained.

WORMS IN HORSES.—Worms in horses are caused by hard work, poor food and general neglect. For ordinary cases of worms, common salt, nutritious food and pure water will prove satisfactory. Salt should always be kept in the stalls of horses.

FARM WORK.—Work on the farm deals with things that are hidden to the sight, and need to be clearly understood, and there is no other physical labor performed in the world that needs more to be guided by the labor of the mind than the cultivation of the soil, the rearing of stock, and the conversion of field products into finished articles for sale, such, for instance, as meat, butter, cheese, milk, etc.

SALT FOR ORCHARDS.—A good writer says: "I have much faith in salt for orchards; trees which are festooned with rockweed will give a good crop of apples, while their less fortunate neighbors are destitute of fruit. Pickle will kill trees or currant bushes if liberally applied, but salt dissolves gradually, and, penetrating into the soil, perhaps frees certain elements, thus furnishing food for the tree or shrub.

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The People's Remedy.
The Universal Pain Extractor.
Note: Ask for Pond's Extract.
Take no other.

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LADIES find in it their best friend. It assuages the pains to which they are peculiarly subject—notably fullness and pressure in the head, nausea, vertigo, &c. It promptly ameliorates and permanently heals all kinds of Inflammations and ulcerations.

HEMORRHOIDS or PILES find in this the only immediate relief and ultimate cure. No case however chronic or obstinate can long resist its regular use.

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TOOTHACHE, Earache, Neuralgia, and Rheumatism are all alike relieved and often permanently cured.

PHYSICIANS of all schools who are acquainted with Pond's Extract of Witch Hazel recommend it in their practice. We have letters of commendation from hundreds of Physicians, many of whom order it for use in their own practice. In addition to the foregoing, they order its use for Swellings of all kinds, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Inflamed Tonsils, simple and chronic Diarrhœa, Catarrh, (for which it is a specific), Chilblains, Frosted Feet, Stings of Insects, Mosquitoes, etc. Chapped Hands, Face and indeed all manner of skin diseases.

TOILET USE. Removes Soreness, Roughness and Smarting; heals Cuts, Eruptions, and Pimples. It revives integument and refreshes, while wonderfully improving the Complexion.

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GRAND DEPOT,
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PHILADELPHIA.

TO A WEED.

What wanton wind, disorderly, fantastic,
Hither impelled thy alien germ, O Weed?
Why wasted here was Nature's virtue plastic
On such a seed?

Here, where the sumptuous rose and stately lily,
Through the bright hours their crowns effulgent rear,
And with rich perfume in the twilight stilly
Dower the dim air?

Where by the fount its tender beam is brightening,
Sweet eyes are turned to Love's benignant star;
Or fairies frolic while the summer lightning
Shimmers afar.

'Mid these choice bowers, in this immaculate garden,
Beauty's loved haunt, pictorial fancy's mood,
No fleers, not hoy may'st thou have place or pardon,
Ungainly weed!

Here float soft melodies of bird and bee,
Rains come at call, and tempered winds blow hither;
Such are for Flora's darlings—but for thee,
Wither, weed, wither!

THE WEED'S ANSWER.

Then answered, bold as beggar brat,
That plant of mean descent:
"Whoever speaks to me like that
Is very impertent.

At me no botheuse swell shall rail
In such outlandish lingo,
Without an answer on the nail,
In plainer terms, by jingo!

It might be rollicksome or queer,
The blast that blew me hither,
But now I am fast rooted here,
I'm not agoin' to wither.

My health, thank God, is very sound!
I crave no stake or prop;
In open air, from common ground,
I gets my bite and sup.

My cloes diskiver stains and rents,
While yours are fine as fire,
I don't go in for paints or scents
From stable or from byre.

But not a breeze can make me shrink,
No sun's for me too hot!
I'm blessed if I would take my drink
Out o' a waterin' pot!

You Dahly swell, you Fuchsy sick,
You fiery-faced Carnation,
No doubt you count yourselves the pick
And pride of all creation.

But though it shows there's such ado
About your tints and statur',
I've just as great a share as you
O' all that's fair in Natur'.

'Tis not alone for you the sky
At peep o' day is brightenin';
There's more nor you has got an eye
For moonshine and sheet lightnin'.

Robins and wrens I here remark
Twitterin' about and clingin';
But by my birthplace lived a lark,
And over it I new singin'.

No fear have I o' worm that gnaws,
Or frost and storms that splinter,
While most o' you poor windle-straws
Will never see a winter.

Afore the snow ye'll all be dead,
In spite o' praise and carin';
And 'ugly weeds' will live and spread
When 'Flory's pets' die barren."

Still longer thus, with gibings keen,
In language free of fetters,
The Ragweed had indulged her spleen
And bully-ragged her betters;

But suddenly she ceased to prate,
And shook with rueful fidgets,
Clutched tightly by the hand of Fate,
Alias, the gardener's digits!

For that old man, whose skill excelled
Though sometimes he got tipsy,
Grew red, cried "Hang it!" and expelled
The vegetable gipsy.

OLD MARTIN'S WHIM.

—OR—

The Fate of Years.

BY C. LEON GUMPERT.

XII.

The Doctor was not aware at first of the advent of this vehicle until a knock was heard on the cellar door, and upon the Doctor's opening it, there stood a liveried coachman, who exclaimed imperiously:

"This is Winthrop's place?"

"Yes," answered Enderly, while an expression of surprise and scorn clouded his face for a moment. He seemed to recognize the face of this lackey. He had seen him somewhere. Where, he could not tell. But he was sure he had seen that face.

"Yes. What do you wish?" continued the Doctor, addressing the coachman.

"My lady desires to see Mr. Winthrop?"

"My lady!" said Enderly to himself. "Heighho—are we to expect ceremonious visits from the *creme de la creme* of this most aristocratic town. My lady, indeed. The next thing a king or a queen will be visiting us."

"What lady?" he demanded.

The mechanical lackey merely turned his head in the direction of the carriage, and made a gesture with his right hand.

Enderly ran up the cellar stairs and was astounded to see the Royer equipage. Astounded—for it seemed to him like a dream, like the fulfillment of a dream he had concerning the old man's restoration to his daughter. He was bewildered. He saw before him the splendid clarence with its noble horses—the same which he had seen not many hours before in front of his office—and now like a flash he remembered the servitor as George—George, the *aide de camp* of "my lady."

"It is Mrs. Royer! This is a most perplexing thing. I cannot account for it. Does she wish to see me or the old man? Of course she wishes to see me. She wishes to apologize for her funny treatment when I was at Lapton Lane."

All this passed through the Doctor's brain in a moment, and then he came to a sense of the situation.

The coachman went up to the carriage without another word and stood by the door waiting the orders of that august "my lady" who sat inside.

Mrs. Royer was alone in the vehicle.

The Doctor emerged from his subterranean retreat and looked somewhat confusedly over towards the carriage, and then towards the horses, and then, with the same expression still upon his face, at Mrs. Royer herself. He said to himself:

"The woman is as mad as my old patient! Confound it—to be haunted day and night by two shadows is more than I relish!"

He bowed to Mrs. Royer.

Mrs. Royer acknowledged the bow with a smile and a movement of her head which in refined circles, no doubt, superseded more emphatic action.

Mrs. Royer was busy for a moment in hearing what her coachman had to say. Then, while Enderly stood looking at her with some scorn on his face and not entirely recovered from his bewilderment—for he was too honest a man to mask things and appear different to what he was—just as he was about calling out to "my lady" in his usual brusque way, to know what her errand was, he was summoned to her by the waving of her uplifted finger, and she smiled and said with more vivacity, more utter nervousness than he had ever before seen in her:

"Doctor, you see I am on a charitable errand. I will atone for my sins in this way, no doubt, hah! Where is the old man?"

"Is it possible he lives in a cellar? Shocking! And what a neighborhood! Disgusting! Can I see him?"

"Oh, certainly. Allow me!" said the Doctor, touching his hand to that of "my lady" and assisting her to descend. "You will find a monstrous confusion there, I assure you, Mrs. Royer."

"Hah! I should enjoy that! I am sick of the monotony of my life out at the Lane! This variety is refreshing!"

She turned to her coachman.

"George, drive around the square, do not keep the horses in this vile place. I will be ready when you come back."

A crowd of the alley children surrounding the carriage, were staring at the horses and gazing in amazement at the splendid queen who had just condescended to illuminate this dingy quarter with her presence.

There was a rustle of silks and a flash of diamonds as she disappeared in the cellar, while a murmur arose from the encircling crowd of neighbors.

"My lady" murmured, "Wretched, filthy place!" when she entered the dull and dingy cellar; but when she saw the old man stretched upon the bed, looking like death—pale, pulseless, with the woe begone look upon his ancient face—she knelt beside him; aye, actually knelt in the attitude of one at a shrine, careless whether her nether robes became smirched with the grimness of this dark habitation or not; she knelt down beside him.

Enderly was dazed. He was in a delirium. He could not comprehend it.

"Is she to atone by her deeds of charity for some past sin?" he said to himself. "How the woman is troubled."

Mrs. Royer bowed her head upon the old man's breast.

This queen actually knelt, and the proud, cold woman was transformed so utterly by that act, it was no wonder Enderly was bewildered.

He said:

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Mrs. Royer. Please take this chair; do not spoil your dress by compact with this dirty floor."

"No, thank you," she said in a low voice, which had in it something pathetic.

She looked up at Enderly as she spoke, and he saw tears in *her* eyes.

Surely God had touched this woman's heart to make amends for the cruelties she had used towards poor old Martin.

Suddenly "my lady" arose and said to the Doctor:

"Is he asleep, or had he fainted? I remember that he fainted at my house, and lay in a swoon for some hours. Tell me, Doctor, she whispered, and her face looked anxious, but her manner and bearing were more imperious than ever; "tell me the truth."

"The truth is, Mrs. Royer, replied the Doctor, "that this old man is very, very ill. I can only say in truth that his visit to Lapton Lane was the cause of all this, and——"

"Doctor," interrupted Mrs. Royer, "I beg you will say no more. I came here to try and remedy the wrong I have done towards a poor creature who ought to deserve my sympathy. How can I thank you for the interest you have manifested in him?"

"Madam!" stammered the Doctor.

"I mean what I say. On that unfortunate night of my birthday festival I treated this old man badly. I was, in fact, utterly unconscious of what I was doing then; but I will atone for it. I will atone for it. You say he is ill. Is there anything I can do to help him?"

"Nothing, Mrs. Royer, except that you inquire among your friends and relatives, and the circle to which you belong, as to the prospects of removing this old pauper from his dungeon here, for I think no human ought to lead the life which he does. It is a disgrace."

"I will take him to Lapton Lane," says "my lady."

"You! Why, Mrs. Royer, you astonish me. You just drove him from there. Why would you take him to Lapton Lane—to practice new cruelties?"

There was the semblance of a slight sneer on the Doctor's face as he spoke these words.

"For God's sake, Doctor, say no more!" ejaculated Mrs. Royer. "I confess that I have been conquered by conscience, and I confess also that I have been more than cruel to this poor old man. Oh, dear, oh, dear! But I shall remove him to Lapton Lane; the carriage is at the door; everything is ready for the purpose. George will help the old man into the carriage, and he shall, he must, go with me. I insist upon it. I will help him find his daughter; I will use my best exertions to restore her to him—but he must go with me."

"Why, what do you mean, Mrs. Royer?"

"I mean this, Doctor Enderly," she replied, with some hauteur, "I am determined to take him away."

"But he is ill—very ill—he is now sleeping under the influence of my drugs. He cannot be removed——"

"But he must be—I insist upon it. I am determined to bring him to Lapton Lane. I have the carriage ready, and I will not brook interference. When will he awake?"

"Not for an hour, probably," said the Doctor.

Then he said to himself:

"What is this mystery which surrounds this old Winthrop? Surely there is something significant in this visit."

"Ah hour! Cannot he be removed?"

"No!"

"He shall be. I defy your orders. Is there no servant here?"

"No," said the Doctor, looking at her pale face in amazement.

Mrs. Royer looked the queen now, and she said:

"I will call George."

"I will call him," said Enderly. "Do you wish him?"

"I do."

The Doctor ran up the cellar stairs and beckoned to the coachman.

George came down.

"Can you help this poor old man into my carriage. Try and do your best, George."

The Doctor was more astounded than ever. To think of such a thing as her coming here in her splendid clarence for the purpose of taking to her magnificent country seat at Lapton Lane this forlorn old creature—half-deaf, half blind, half palsied—he who not many hours ago was a victim to her refined cruelty, and who came near perishing through her neglect. Surely her heart had been touched, and she was anxious to do what she could to alleviate his miseries. But possibly Doctor Enderly himself was the cause of all this. The Doctor did not think so, but it was nevertheless true that Mrs. Royer had been shamed by the Doctor's presence, his entreaties, and his honest candor into coming to Lavender street, but there was something deeper than these things which influenced this woman.

George, obedient to his mistress' orders, was about to lift old Martin from the bed, when Enderly interfered, saying:

"Let him sleep. I do not want him disturbed."

"Doctor, I must, and will," said Mrs. Royer.

"By what authority? Why would you disturb this old man while asleep, Mrs. Royer?"

"I have good authority, Doctor," she replied.

"No doubt, the best authority—the Christian authority; but if you will only wait a short time our old friend will wake, and then you can do as you please. But I beg you will not disturb him now."

"I will not," replied Mrs. Royer, looking at the old man with a face of compassion.

Then she fell on her knees at the old man's side again, and, bending over him, kissed the wrinkled face.

"I wish to tell you something," she said, turning to the Doctor. "The daughter of Martin Winthrop has been found. Listen to what I say, Doctor."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RUBBER BALLS.

The process of making the hollow rubber balls used by children as playthings is quite curious, and may be interesting to those not familiar with it. A Holyoke writer thus describes it:

"The upper room of the building is prepared to push this branch of the business for a few months and it will probably turn out some 50,000 dozen of these balls between January and June. These balls have a solid surface, are made by a different process from that of making the soft rubber balls which are perforated by an opening, and, of course, are much more firm, durable and elastic. The sheets of rubber prepared for the balls are cut into strips of double convex shape. The edges of the strips are moistened with a preparation of rubber and naphtha, by which they are joined firmly together, three of the strips being used for one ball.

This part of the work is done by girls, and a skillful girl can earn about $1.50 per day. When the strips are joined together, the ball is very near the shape of a Brazil nut. Before the last opening is closed a small quantity of carbonate of ammonia is put inside, which, when subjected to strong heat, will make the rubber expand and fill out the ball mold. The opening is then closed with the adhesive mixture, and it is placed in an iron mold of the size and shape of the ball desired. The molds are packed into frames, in which they are subjected to the heat of a vulcanizer.

They kept in place in the frame by iron rods along the side, and when the frame is full iron plates at the end are screwed down tightly upon the molds to hold them in place. These iron plates are about three-fourths of an inch thick, and so strong is the expansive force of the rubber in the molds that they bend this thick iron rod into a curve. If one of the molds should work out of place while vulcanization is in process, the molds will fly out with a noise like the report of a dozen pistols, and the work is spoiled. The action of the heat does the rest. When the molds are opened they contain the perfect round balls, with no mark of the places where the pieces were placed. The slight ridge made by the mold is ground off by a stone used for the purpose, and the ball is done."

TRIALS IN THE MIDDLE AGES.—In the middle ages those suspected of guilt were subjected to trials somewhat more severe than the methods now sanctioned by law. In those days walking over burning ploughshares was a common ordeal; and if the victim was burned he was adjudged guilty, innocent only if he escaped unharmed. Plunging the arm in boiling water was another pleasant method employed. A return to their now obsolete practices would probably result in fewer causes for accusation. It is a singular and remarkable fact that the multiplication and complexity of laws have rendered conviction in cases, once simple, difficult and often impossible. These laws have mainly sprung from the code of Justinian. It may not be generally known that the original manuscripts are still in existence. They were accidently discovered at the capture of a city in Calabria, and after many vicissitudes are now preserved at Florence, in Italy.

SIGNS OF THE WEATHER.—If the dew lies plentifully on the grass after a fair day, it is a sign of another. If not, and there is no wind, rain must follow. A red evening portends fine weather; but if it spread too far upwards from the horizon in the evening, and especially morning, it foretells wind or rain, or both. When the sky, in rainy weather, is tinged with sea green, the rain will increase; if with deep blue, it will be showery. Against much rain, the clouds grow bigger, and increase very fast, especially before thunder. When the clouds are formed like fleeces, but dense in the middle and bright towards the edges, with the sky bright, they are signs of a frost, with hail, snow, or rain. If clouds form high in air, in thin, white trains, like locks of wool; they portend wind, and probably rain. When a general cloudiness covers the sky, and small black fragments of clouds fly underneath, they are a sure sign of rain, and probably it will be lasting. Two currents of clouds always portend rain; and, in summer, thunder.

A TERRIBLE FATE.—In India lepers are occasionally buried alive. When a leper is past all hope of living more than a few days or weeks, his nearest relations arrange, with his approval, for his immediate interment. Self-destruction by burial is called *samad*, and is regarded as so highly meritorious that the disease is sure to die out in the family of the victim. So lately as 1875 a leper named Oomah, living and lingering at Scrohi, entreated his wife to put an end to his misery. A bunnia, or tradesman, was accordingly engaged to make the necessary arrangements, which simply consisted in hiring a couple of laborers to dig a hole, into which they thrust Oomah, consenting to his own death. The durbar, coerced by the British Government, at last took cognizance of this incident, and fined the widow one hundred rupees. The bunnia was sentenced to three years' imprisonment, and the grave-diggers each two years; but it is very unlikely that they will undergo half that punishment.

Life is a conundrum that all must give up.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.

I shall introduce to my readers to-day a few models which I think will represent a few of Fashion's dictums, without additional discussion.

A very comme il faut costume may be made of fawn shaded beige with faint lines of almond brown. The front is cut in the princesse shape, and draped across in upright folds; while on the bottom is one wide pleating, bound each side with silk of the darkest tint in the dress. The back is cut also in one, and the seams fit smoothly over the tournure, at which point it is left open to the bottom, forming two square sash-like ends, pinched off at the bottom with a pleating; and above is a wide bias band of silk, which also extends up the centre and each side of the square ends; these are caught together half-way down by a large bow of silk.

The following I think will recommend itself as an effective and becoming style for making this materials:

Imagine a striped blue gauze made over silk of the same shade, cut as a princesse dress in front, and with a square corsage, buttoning about ten inches below the waist, where the drapery is drawn toward the sides in loose folds. A row of blue satin ribbon bows extend down each side of the front. In the back the drapery is looped rather bouffant, one side over the other, and caught up by loops and ends of the ribbon. The bottom of the dress is trimmed with two pleatings of the gauze, with a bias band of silk between. The bottom of the front drapery fastens under the top pleating, which stands up as a heading; in the back a blue marabout fringe trims the drapery. This would be equally effective in a costume of black striped or damasse gauze, and with black lace applied as a trimming in place of the fringe, while the bows may be of black satin ribbon, with or without another color on the reversible side.

I have another costume to recommend as a desirable model for mourning, suitable for this or thick material. The dense long skirt is trimmed with a narrow pleating on the edge, and above a wide box pleating caught down on each side so as to form a ruffle top and bottom. The corsage forms a front a deep cuirass basque, below which is the deep tablier drapery drawn back and fastened under a wide band of crepe, which trims the bottom of the drapery back and front, and also forms a band on the edge of the basque and up each side of the front.

In thin materials there is every variety of gauzy fabrics, striped with brocaded satin or covered with some design in bold relief. Bourrette gauze, bourrette crepe, and Mignese gauze are all used to form some charming costume, in which the versatile talent of dame Fashion is visible, for to each she gives some distinctive charm by which it has an attractive individuality of its own.

For every day wear there are linons, percales, cambrics, batistes, and lawns, made with flounces, pleated or gathered, and edged with lace or colored embroidery.

A charming variety is also visible in the various models in which these materials are made up.

The polonaise finds many patrons, and yet the lavenue tunic with a pleated bodice and yoke, seems equally popular; but the best guide should always be the becomingness, for Fashion's dictum is not so despotic that one is obliged to sacrifice that which is becoming.

As to the decided change which has been so long predicted, already it is visible in the over-skirt, the polonaise, or the drapery which takes the place of these are caught up below the hips, and is slightly bouffant. The style of this fashion recalls in a measure the appearance of the paniers which are seen in the portraits of the time of Louis XV., that is to say, the dress swells not immediately below the waist, but below the hips, making the corsage extremely long-waisted. In a short time trained dresses will not dare show themselves in the daytime, and will be specially reserved for dinner and evening toilets.

Sulphur color is in high favor just now, particularly when mixed with either claret or pink. Claret cashmere, for instance, is frequently trimmed with sulphur ruches, and sulphur feathers are frequently mixed with roses on bonnets, and combination loops of pink and sulphur ribbons are used for trimming evening toilettes. Summer dresses of sulphur barege are very pretty, trimmed with feather fringes; a mantelet to match accompanies them. In fact, sulphur, toad-green and fiery coxcomb are the fashionable colors of the day.

Dark red is also extremely fashionable, as is likewise garnet. These shades are employed for a host of accessories of the toilette, in form of pipings, ribbons, etc.

Lingerie for the summer is covered with embroidery worked with cotton in different colors. Collars and cuffs are no longer worn of colored percale, but of white linen embroidered with cotton in gray, yellow, red, blue, rose, etc. The height of style for this lingerie is to have the collar, cuffs, cravat, and handkerchief to match.

I believe the coiffure will likewise undergo a change. Already numerous flat bands are seen, and many other indications go to show that the quantity of false hair used will be greatly diminished. Crepes, twists, rolls, are all becoming smaller and smaller.

There are always novel trimmings making their appearance, and the two latest are flowered laces and appliques of Indian design on black tulle.

The flowered lace is covered with tiny flowers such as forget-me-nots, without stems or foliage; they are fastened on the lace by a gold, black or white bead set in the centre of each flower. This flowered lace is employed for trimming dresses, fichus and small mantelets.

The Indian application is of light and small designs, which are cut from the foundation, and are applied to black tulle and white or black grenadine. This trimming is used for waistcoats, plastrons, cuffs, pockets, revers on the skirt—in a word, for the accessories of a dress of plain material. In everything is shown the decided predilection of fashion for embroidery and brocaded materials. This preference is also manifested in the manufacture of ribbons. After the exquisite narrow ribbons strewn with small flowers, which seem painted by a miniature artist, we have ribbons of all widths, representing borders of feathers so closely as to be mistaken for them. Some of these ribbons copy the feathers of the pheasant, others those of the guinea-hen, and the prettiest those of the peacock. A black parasol bordered with ribbon to imitate peacock's feathers, and trimmed with a bow made of similar narrower ribbon, is very pretty. Ribbons are much used for trimming dresses. The plaited flounces will be frequently crossed at regular intervals by perpendicular rows of shells of ribbon.

Our Fireside Chat.

[Our columns being frequently pressed for space, I am at times compelled to omit some of the inquiries and answers, but they will all receive prompt attention in their turn. If any of the readers of the Ladies' Department have any good recipes or suggestions interesting to the sex, I will be very glad to receive them for publication.—ED.]

Some very good suggestions for making fireplace screens have been given in the last two numbers of the Post (Nos. 48 and 49), which I think "Down South" will find very suitable and well adapted to the style alluded to in her inquiry. In making the fan of cardboard, the sticks are held together by a ribbon run through at the top and midway in the centre. Another pretty style of fire-screen is a foundation of ecru linen, so much used at present for embroidery; and on this a graceful design is carried out with cretonne sprays, flowers, birds, butterflies, and trailing vines. Avoid making the pattern too heavy, but let the design trail up through the centre from the base, and a few butterflies and birds hovering over the top and in the corners. The design can be pasted or tacked on, and a few stitches in colored silk taken here and there on the veins of the leaves and flowers. A very handsome design in this style, all prepared for embroidery, can be purchased at Mr. Wanamaker's for $5.

Fashion Plates and Photographs.—Certainly it is true that everything can be turned to good account if a little ingenuity and thought are brought to bear on the subject. This is verified by the following instance. No one thinks that fashion plates out of date can be made much use of, much less ornament, but arranged as I describe, they make pretty pictures, with friendly faces. Select suitable figures, cut them out, arrange them singly or in groups, with photographic heads of celebrated people or friends where the head of the original was, and you have a most amusing page. Scenery must be sketched in colors, shadows added, etc., and the picture is complete. The idea first suggested itself to me by a lady of my acquaintance putting photographic heads of friends on to bodies of her own drawing, some in colors, some in pen and ink. I thought how easy and effective my method was, and I tried it with success. I have now a most amusing album, every page being different, with all sorts of groups, some children, some in extravagant costumes of the present day, and others in fancy dress. I have procured fashion plates from all quarters, and selected the most uncommon. Some of the French ones are very effective. I sometimes fit in friends' faces to a pretty becoming hat or bonnet, and I often color the face to make the whole complete. I do this quickly by mixing a little liquid gum with the color and putting it on delicately, adding additional color to the cheeks while wet. This is not of course so artistic as regular artistic working at a face, but it is very effective all the same. I am having a few of my groups photographed, and the result is admirable. I think this little diversion would be highly appreciated by an invalid or a sick child, and would afford them constant amusement and interest. Let the album have stout leaves. Moonlight scenes, with figures, all painted with India ink, with Chinese white are effective with the photographic heads. The figures in the foreground may be larger than those at the back of the scene, so several sizes of the photographs may be made use of. Sometimes a background of gold for the fashion plate groups is an advantage, where the figures are supposed to be sitting in a room or opera box. It throws up the colors, and looks like oiled pannelling.—*Constant Worker.*

Green Peas Soup.—I send a very good recipe for making a soup of green peas, which I think will be acceptable to the readers of the Fireside Chat:

Boil one pint of green peas in water with salt, a slice of onion, a sprig of parsley, and a few leaves of mint. When cooked, drain off the water and pass the peas through a hair sieve. Dilute the puree to the proper consistency with some good stock, perfectly free from fat. At the time of serving, make it quite hot, put a piece of fresh butter the size of a walnut into it, and serve with small square dice of bread fried in butter.—*An Old Subscriber.*

Pine Apple in Cream.—I would like to add another very good recipe to the good ones given in the Post for utilizing pine apple:

Take one pine apple and slice it small, pound it in a mortar, and over it pour a hot syrup made with half a pound of loaf sugar in half a pint of water, boiled and skimmed; mix well together, then pass through a fine straining cloth. When the mixture is cold, add to it gradually one pint of cream whipped to a froth, then freeze in the ordinary way.—*Madge.*

An inquiry from "Country Girl" for suggestions on getting up a country fair in which fancy costumes may be worn is very opportune, for it has often occurred to me that there is a certain monotony with regard to fairs for charitable purposes—always needlework of various descriptions, many kinds of which there is a great difficulty in disposing of.

Now, a country fair (where there would be no needlework), if properly arranged, would be a great novelty. For example, ladies might have a stall tastefully arranged, where all sorts of cold meat and salads could be disposed of. Any village carpenter with a few directions could build up a framework of wood, and stretch an awning of canvas scolloped at the edge, and bound with colored braid as an awning; also a table in front covered with a cloth, on which the various dishes could be arranged, either for a dinner or supper, like the counter of a shop, a few shelves at the back with duplicates so as to fill up vacancies.

I shall enumerate a few dishes (the plates ought to be white, not too large, and inexpensive, as of course they must be sold; and any sauces must be in white glass bottles, with a piece of white or colored paper tied firmly over the stopper). A slice of cold fish, a bottle of mayonaise sauce; a small piece of ham or bacon, chicken, oysters, or lobsters; cold roast chicken in paper; bottles of home-made ginger, pickles, salad sauce, small shapes of cheese, potted meats, etc. Dress—Red cotton petticat, chintz dress looped up, white linen apron with pockets and bib; also linen sleeves fastened at the elbow; white cap.

1. Basket Stall.—A gipsy tent, with all sorts of baskets, useful and ornamental, many of bright colors and inexpensive. If the fair is held in a garden you could have two or three donkeys, covered with gaudy embroidered cloths, which any lady could make with coarse serge, and rows of braids of different colors and widths sewn on the serge, with a colored ball fringe at the edge, and boys will be charmed to be the donkey drivers. Dress—Either as a gipsy or a Black Forest girl, which latter dress is very pretty. The hair is plaited in two long tails at the back, a piece of narrow black velvet ribbon tied round the throat; a white chemisette and long white sleeves, fastened at the waist with a black velvet band; dark stuff dress and low bodice, laced up the front, showing the white chemisette between the lacing; the skirt is full plaited; long white linen apron, dark stockings.

2rd stall.—Dairy.—A canvas awning, the same as for a cooking stall, must be edged with blue braid, the table in front of the stall and the shelves around covered with white marble cloth, which must be nailed firmly on, and a blue piece of paper, imitation blue and white tiles, must be put around the table or counter, so as to hide the legs. On the counter must be arranged baskets of eggs, butter, and rolls of fresh cheese, which can be got in small baskets. At one end of your table should be a model wooden churn, and a bright tin pitcher full of milk at the other (the milk could be sold); also cans of cream, etc., and pretty wooden tubs lined with glass for the breakfast table, and sticks for making the butter up into small balls. Dress—Blue and white; white linen collars and cuffs; also white apron, mob cap, trimmed with blue.

4th stall—Toys.—All descriptions of whips for boys who drive the donkeys; dolls, carved Swiss ornaments, small toy clocks, etc. Dress (Swiss)—Tight-fitting jacket of dark blue material, a gray short petticoat, very full gathered; dark blue or gray stockings, black shoes, bright yellow or various colored handkerchief, arranged on the head as a cap.

5th stall—Confectionery.—Chocolate and French bonbons, English and Scotch sweeties, cakes, marmalade, and preserved fruit. Any pretty fancy dress.

6th stall—Fruits and Vegetables.—The seller seated under a large scarlet umbrella. Dress (Portuguese peasant)—Full serge petticoat, dark blue, descending to the ankle and gathered round the waist into innumerable plaits; a close-fitting bodice, gaily colored, over a white linen skirt, showing white on the shoulders and arms; and a bright red or orange handkerchief crossed over the chest; an embroidered muslin kerchief on the head, over which is worn the black Spanish hat. Ornaments of floss silk, curled to look like an ostrich feather, necklace with large locket, and long pendent earrings.

7th stall—Flowers in pots and bouquets.—Eight long poles are arranged, four on each side, leaving a wide space. An awning is stretched over the poles, and two narrow tables are down each side, allowing a broad walk down the centre. On the table are arranged the cut flowers, and outside the flower pots, with all sorts of flowers and ferns. You can make the stall much longer by adding poles and an awning, so as to make a promenade. Dress—That of a flower girl, and wearing a large Leghorn hat trimmed with flowers.

8th stall—Wools.—All sorts of wools and yarns, tied up in bundles, for socks, with knitting needles the size required; also for shawls and comforters, with crochet hooks, etc. Dress (Scotch woman)—Short striped petticoat, showing a dark blue stocking and tied shoe; print jacket, fastened round the waist with a band; bright silk kerchief, tied loosely round the throat; black band round the throat, fastened in front with a gold clasp; pendent earrings; white cap, bound with a broad black ribbon round the head.

Then there is the tea and coffee stall, and the china stall, etc.

If this bazaar can be held in the open air, there can be croquet and other games, each player paying a small sum. But if held in a room, there must of course be a few stalls omitted.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRERS

SMOKER, (Nansemond, Va.)—Smoking is very bad for youths who have not as yet reached their full growth, and also for persons who have a weak constitution.

S. CLARK, (Charlotte, Va.)—When the teeth are too much crowded together, dentists sometimes remove one to make room for the others to straighten themselves.

TOM THUMB, (Nicholas, W. Va.)—Tall men are exceptions to the rule. The mass of mankind are of the middle stature—a little less than five feet eight inches.

HARMLESS, (Davie, N. C.)—You can surely have no difficulty in making up your mind how to act on discovering that you have been courting a confirmed flirt. Stop where you are.

MAUDE M., (Ashley, Ark.)—By washing the hair for upwards of an hour in soda and water (very strong of the soda) it will be rendered much lighter; but in the long run it will spoil the hair.

JOEL, (Hiawatha, Kan.)—The English sounds are generally given to the words on your neck, often quoted in songs and stories. They are from old Irish language, and mean my sweetheart, or my darling.

M. L., (Atlantic, N. J.)—When the hands turn dead white, and afterwards blue, on issuing from the water, it is a proof that the bather remains in too long, or that bathing altogether disagrees with him.

JUVENIS, (Cass, Neb.)—Listen to the advice of your parents. The tone of your letter indicates that you are a young man who would be very apt to be in the wrong, in any difficulty with either your father or mother.

IGNORANT, (Hillsdale, Mich.)—The phrase *sine die* is Latin, and means "without a day being named." Piscator is from the same tongue, and means "a fisherman." We cannot decipher the other word.

E. M. A., (Wayne, O.)—A lady must not give a gentleman a ring unless she be engaged to him, and then it is not the most appropriate present she could make. Jewelry is specially a gift for gentlemen to present to ladies.

K. S., (Steuben, N. Y.)—The knowledge of individuals attained from the handwriting is at all times suspicious; it is well known that the handwriting varies with the health of body and mind. We caution you on this point.

SCRUPLE, (Monroe, Mich.)—Many persons are good-looking without being absolutely handsome. A person may be good-looking without any regularity of features; but regular features mainly help to make a face handsome.

ARCLINE, (Belknap, N. H.)—The meeting of the eyebrows does not denote any particular trait of character. The meaning of the name Eliza (Elizabeth), Hebrew in its origin, is the oath of God; that of Malthis, which is Greek in origin, is a lady of honor.

J. H., (Del Norte, Cal.)—If the eyes be weak their power may be overtaxed by too much reading and writing, especially by gas or candle-light. Some eyesight is so much impaired that the person ought not to exercise it at all. You should consult an oculist at once.

AGNES, (South Bancroft, Md.)—It is far better to cut the hair than to singe it, which later practice is likely to try it up. It should be cut about once a month, to keep it in good order. The less oil you use the better. Soap and water excels any preparation you can buy.

DOUBTFUL, (Suffolk, N. Y.)—We think that you had better dismiss your admirer altogether. His conduct is at best very suspicious. We very much doubt whether he has any intentions of making you his wife. Perhaps it is fortunate for you that you have been so prudent.

ANXIETY, (Phila., Pa.)—We should be very much inclined to think that you have somehow got hold of a morbid idea which has no basis except in your own imagination. You say you are exceedingly sensitive; and this really means, in some cases, a readiness to see coolness where none is intended, and also to underrate your own value in society.

M. A., (Peoria, Ill.)—It has been ascertained that flowers, during the day, give out oxygen gas, which supports life, and that during the night they emit carbonic acid gas, one of the most deleterious and poisonous gases known. The headaches usually following balls, etc., where it is the fashion for the ladies to display large bouquets, may be caused by the gas emitted.

EX-SOLDIER, (Pulaski, Ky.)—If you are a generous man, you will marry the girl you loved, and were beloved by, in your poor days. Be just and honorable, although fortune has smiled upon you. Do not let the itching palm of avarice sully the new garments in which you are decked; but be "a man for a' that," and show how proud you are of the opportunity of having your sincerity tested.

ALAMANCE, (Trotell, N. C.)—St. Laurence, was assassinated by the soldiers of the Emperor Valerian, and his body roasted on a gridiron. The Church of the Escurial at Rome, dedicated to him, is built in the form of a gridiron. St. Lawrence is the tutelary saint of the Spaniards. In the reign of Constantine the Great, a church was built over his tomb on the road to Tiber. It is one of the five patriarchal churches in Rome.

DRUGGIST, (Phila., Pa.)—Under our laws we think you could not be employed in a retail drug store, unless you were a graduate of the School of Pharmacy. The best plan for you to adopt is to seek a place with a wholesale drug house, and attend a course of lectures. We are not surprised that retail druggists refuse to employ a person who is not experienced in the business. It would be improper for them to act otherwise in any case.

H. WILKES, (Brier Creek, N. C.)—The commercial and business colleges of the country are not, so far as our experience goes, humbugs. On the contrary, they generally perform all they claim to do. Of course there may be among them some establishments which promise more than they do in the matter of giving a business education, but we are unable to speak from personal experience. 2. In congratulating newly married friends it is usual to say that you wish them much joy or happiness.

REX, (Richmond, Va.)—1. The peers of England, Scotland, and of Ireland have seats in the House of Lords. All peers of England have seats and votes. The peers of Scotland and Ireland have a place in the House only by their representatives. There are twenty-five English and Welsh bishops who have seats. The Irish bishops sit in rotation, four every session. 2. The Lord Chancellor is the Speaker of the House of Lords as Keeper of the Great Seal. He sits upon what is termed the woolsack. 3. See any good dictionary.

BROOK PARTY, (Harrison, Ga.)—From the twelfth to the fifteenth century there was held annually a festival of fools in Paris, but it was celebrated on the 1st of January. All kinds of practical jokes and pranks were played on that day. In England fools were kept at court up to the execution of Charles I. Our 1st of April is a copy of the French custom, and some years back it was carried out to a far greater extent than at the present day. There is no rule as a part of the absurdity, to stop the "fun" after noon has struck. It is one established by those who fear being tricked before the day is out.

FAYETTE, (Shelby, Ind.)—Ill-breeding is not a single defect; it is the result of many. It is sometimes a great ignorance of decorum, or a stupid indolence, which prevents us from giving to others what is due to them. It is a peevish malignity which inclines us to oppose the inclinations of those with whom we converse. It is the consequence of a foolish vanity which has no complaisance for any other person; the effect of a proud and whimsical humor which soars above all the rules of civility; or, lastly, it is produced by a melancholy turn of mind which pampers itself with a rude and disobliging behavior.

W. B., (Des Moines, Iowa.)—You ask why young gentlemen and ladies like small feet and hands, and take such torturing pains to obtain the former by means of tight boots or shoes. Because they are foolishly considered aristocratic. There never was a greater mistake than this; because many born in the lower ranks of life have been remarkable for these admired points of beauty. If a foot or hand be well shaped and in proportion to the body, it is sufficient. Deformity may be expressed in too diminutive feet or hands, considered as to the rest of the figure, as much as if they were too large.

F. A., (Bristol, Mass.)—You must learn to distinguish the difference between a simper and a smile. The former is hypocritical and affected; a smile is open and genuine. Who can tell the value of an expression, rich and true, as is that of a smile, and yet it costs nothing to the giver. It is beyond price to the erring and relenting, the sad and cheerless, the lost and forsaken. It disarms malice, subdues ill-temper, turns hatred to love, revenge to kindness, and paves the darkest paths with gems of sunlight. A smile on the brow proclaims a kind heart, a pleasant friend, an affectionate brother, a dutiful son, and a happy husband. It adds a charm to beauty; it decorates the face of the deformed, and makes a lovely woman resemble an angel.

ROSE, (Washington, Vt.)—Flirts do not deserve much pity, and therefore we have very little for you. If you do not care how many hearts you break, how can you expect sympathy and advice when you find that your lovers have left you? We have frequently written against the system which seems to be the fashion of late time, in which young ladies, for the sake of mere fun, keep company with gentlemen who they do not care a particle about, and when the ripeness of the young man's love bursts, and he declares his passion, his absurdity is laughed at, and he is dismissed—to make room for another. There is a Nemesis, however, that is bound to follow, and you will some day perhaps find yourself as heart-stricken and as despairing as the lovers that you have so unmercifully cast off. Alter your tactics before it is too late.

DISPUTE, (Salem, Oregon.)—We have no buried cities in America in the sense of Herculaneum or Pompeii. In the year of 1714, a part of the mountain of Diablere, in the district of Valais in France, suddenly fell down in the afternoon, the weather being very calm and serene. It was of a conical figure, and destroyed fifty-five cottages in the fall. Fifteen persons perished, and above one hundred beasts were crushed beneath its ruins, which covered an extent of about three miles square. The dust it occasioned instantly shrouded all the neighborhood in darkness. The heaps of rubbish were more than three hundred feet high. It stopped the current of a river that run along the plain, which it formed into several deep lakes. In the same manner, in the year 1618, the town of Pleurs, in France, was buried beneath a rocky mountain, at the foot of which it was situated. The History of Switzerland is full of such instances. See answer to W. O.

ESSAY, (Westmoreland, Pa.)—The earliest mode of writing was on bricks, oyster shells, stones, bark, ivory, and leaves of trees; and from the latter the term "leaves of a book" is probably derived. Copper and brass plates were very early in use; and a bill of settlement on copper was some years since discovered in India, bearing date 300 years B. C. Leather was also employed, as well as woo